



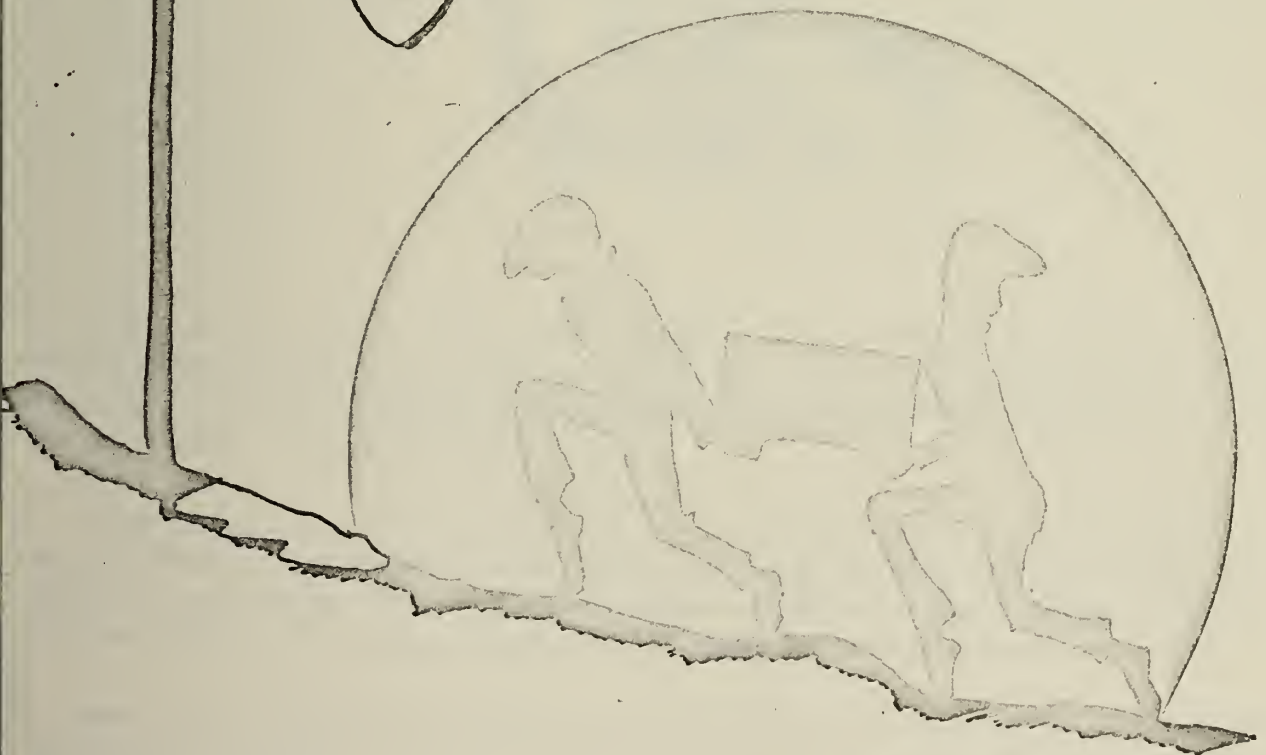
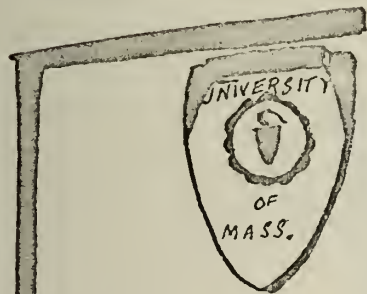
UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/yahoo5419univ>

Ya-Hoo



FALL 1959

25c

VOL. 5 NO. 4



YA-HOO FRESH AIR APPEAL

Send An R.O.T.C. Cadet To Camp This Summer



Every year thousands of college juniors enrolled in advanced R.O.T.C. COURSES ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND SUMMER CAMP. These are good boys, deserving to share in the joys of six wonderful weeks of fun in the country. Unfortunately Uncle Sam just doesn't have enough money; realizing this we of Ya-Hoo ask our readers to contribute to this worthy cause.

Those fortunate boys selected to participate will be given the opportunity to romp in the muddy boon-docks of Kentucky, the barren plains of the mid-west, or the salty swamps of South Carolina. Like other advanced cadets, they too will learn the latest methods of killing and maiming; they too will fill their ears with the deafening roar of cannon fire and their eyes with the smoke from phosphorous bombs.

Remember the right to kill is everyone's concern, and if YOU, the public, fail to provide the funds to send these eager boys to Summer Camp, you will be breaking their hearts, you will be depriving them of their deserved reward, and mainly, you will be taking your life in your hands, because these hopped-up kids might start knocking off you citizens!

Massachusetts

YA-HOO



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Jack Pasanen

ASSISTANT EDITOR

E. Reeve Stoler

LITERARY EDITOR

Wes Honey

LITERARY ASSOCIATES

Robert Viator

Dave Ellis

Laurence Moriarty

Dave Murphy

Ann Slafsky

JOKE EDITOR

Bob Stone

ART EDITOR

Tracy Wilson

ART ASSOCIATES

Judy Fredman

Barbara A. Doyle

Susan T. Fahlbusch

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS

Don Witkowski

Dick Kendra

BUSINESS BOARD

BUSINESS MANAGER

Mike Ellison

ASSISTANT

BUSINESS MANAGER

Larry Rubin

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Manny Hammelburg

ASSISTANT

ADVERTISING MANAGERS

Steve Schustevnian

Buddy Schultz

MAKE-UP DIRECTOR

Bud Hodgdon

OFFICE MANAGERS

Flo Steinberg

EXCHANGES

Alice Buono

LOANS

Walter Tarbell

CITY NOTES

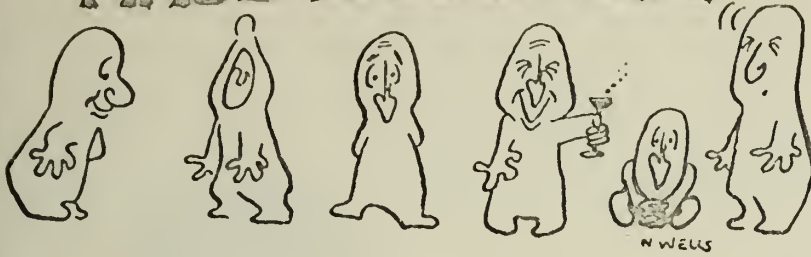
Manny Schmaizl

BUSINESS CONSULTANT

Mr. Edward Buck

Ya-Hoo is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published three times in the academic year 1959-60 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is 85 cents a year. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to *Ya-Hoo*, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.

MASS HYSTERIA



Well here we are again with another issue of *Ya-Hoo*. If this magazine should come into your greasy little hands anywhere between October 17, and November 12, we here on the staff (all five of us) stand to make a load of dough. Local bookies will lay 7-2 that a fall issue of *Ya-Hoo* won't come out before Christmas.

And by the way just what do you think you're doing reading the editorial column anyway? The Queen's picture is somewhere near the middle of the magazine and the jokes you hope will be dirty enough to tell that girl from home are sprinkled throughout the issue. So for Heaven's sake don't read on any further; someone you know might be standing behind you.

This fall the University welcomed the largest freshman class in the school's history. An odd bit of information concerning this exodus from the grimy shores of Boston to the monotonous Berkshire hills is the fact that many of this year's freshmen did not apply to the University; in fact, many of them did not even want to attend college at all. It seems that our beloved president had no sooner completed the building of all of these new dorms than he realized that there would not be enough students to fill them all. Only our Master's ingenuity prevented our losing face with Boston politicians. **THE INDENTURED STUDENT WAS CREATED.** According to this plan an individual lives in one

of the University's dorms for a period of four years. During that time the individual assumes all of the superficial characteristics of the college student (staying up late, drinking, smoking and carrying on). At the end of his servitude the individual is given his choice of four acres of land, a B.B.A. degree in Business or a lifetime pass to the annual Hort. Show.

On the subject of our president, we understand that there is a vicious rumor about campus to the effect that the Master has submitted his resignation to the State House. This is most assuredly not so. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Scott down at the Union fired him when J. P. demanded a cut of the profits.

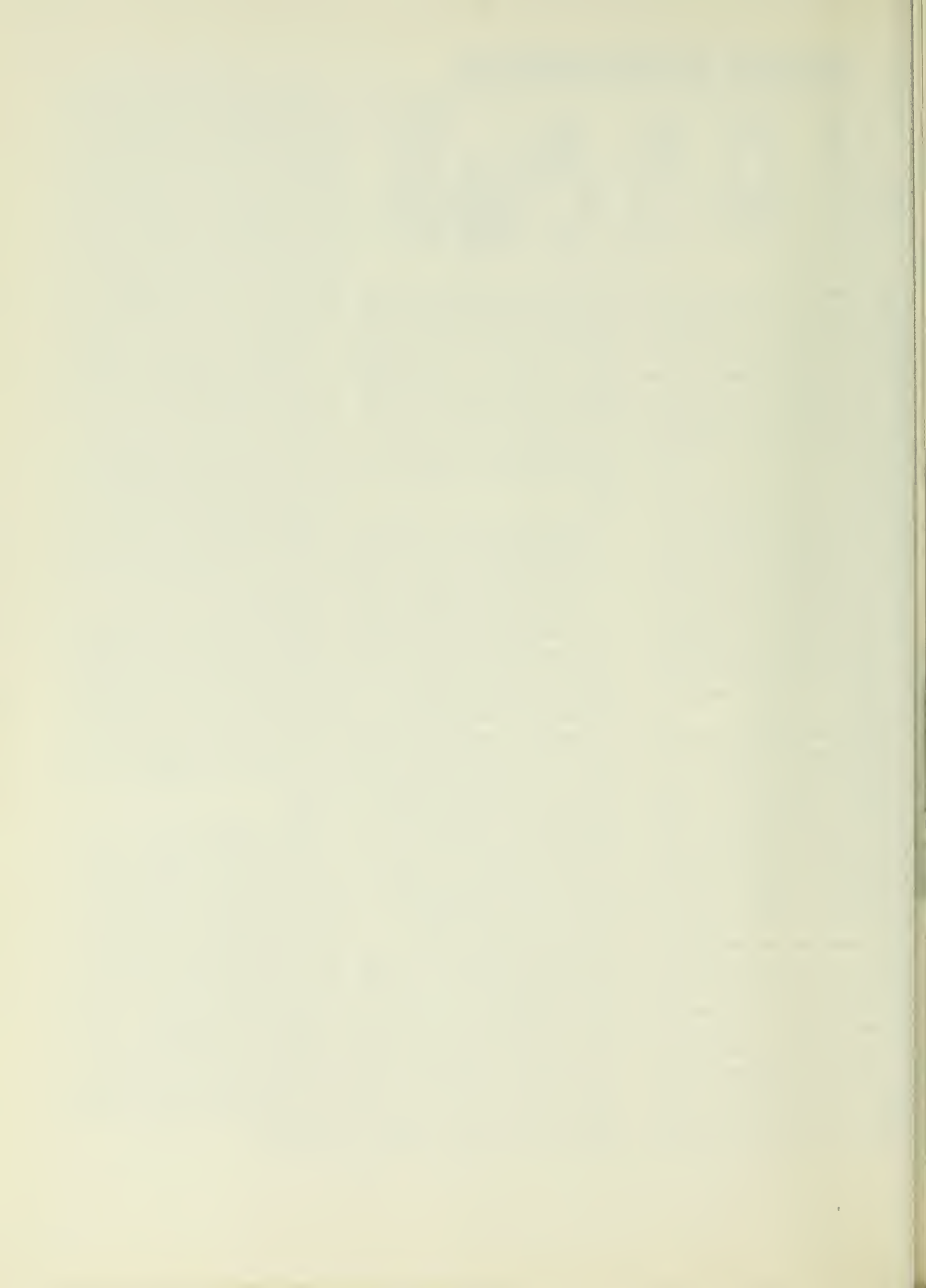
Despite the administrative shake-up, progress is rampant here on campus (we have so many new buildings that it may become necessary to kill off some of the older faculty to provide names for them all). Scholarship benefits are on the upsurge. In fact, Dean Jeffrey has promised a fund of six-hundred and thirty-two dollars this year. Congratulations to the twenty-six lucky recipients.

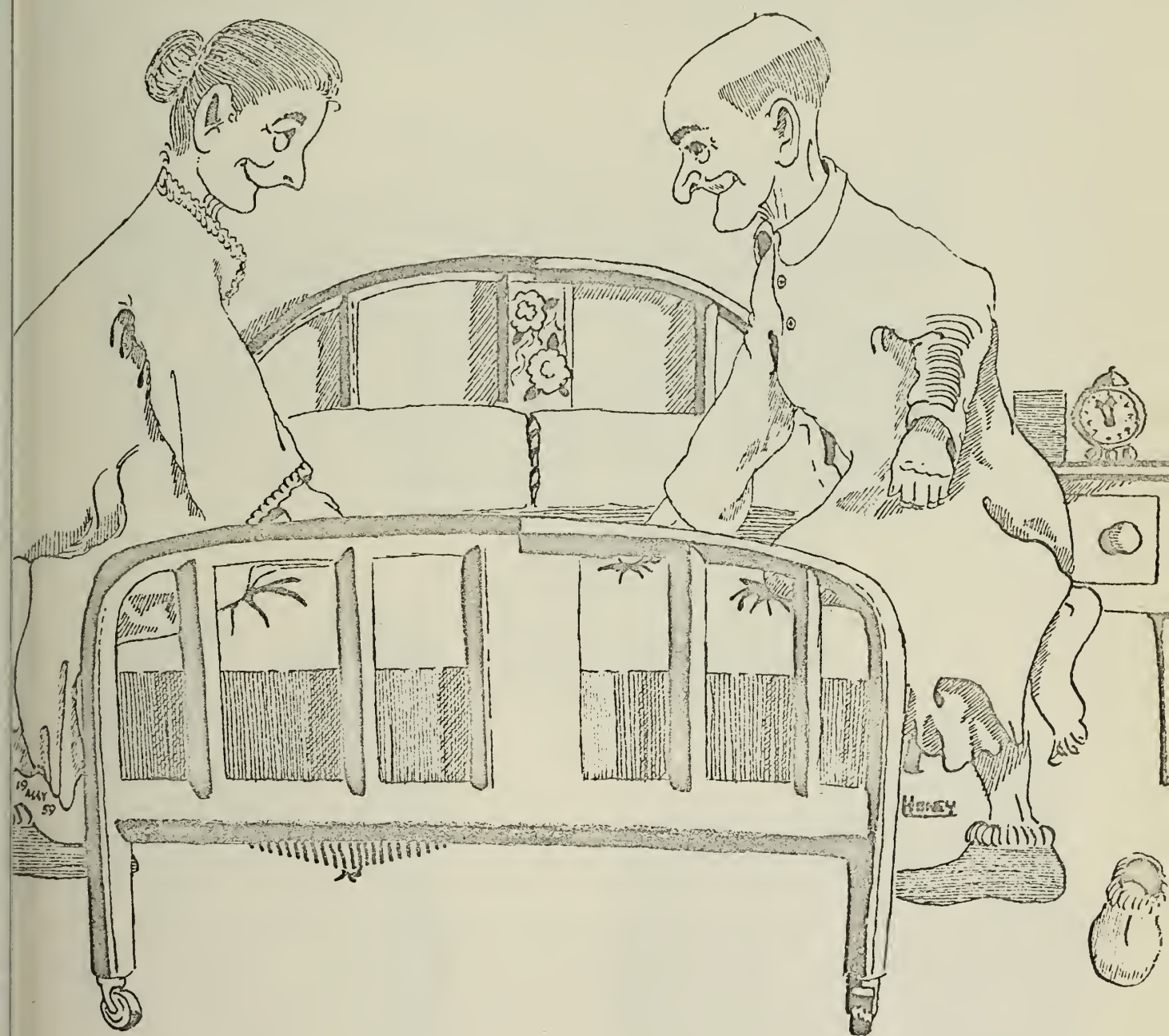
Fall is the time for Football and Homecoming. We realize that most of the freshmen and a great percentage of upperclassmen, who have been to the contest, have never seen a Homecoming football game. The following account written a few years back may serve to clear up a lot of confusion for those who have never witnessed this marvelous spectacle.

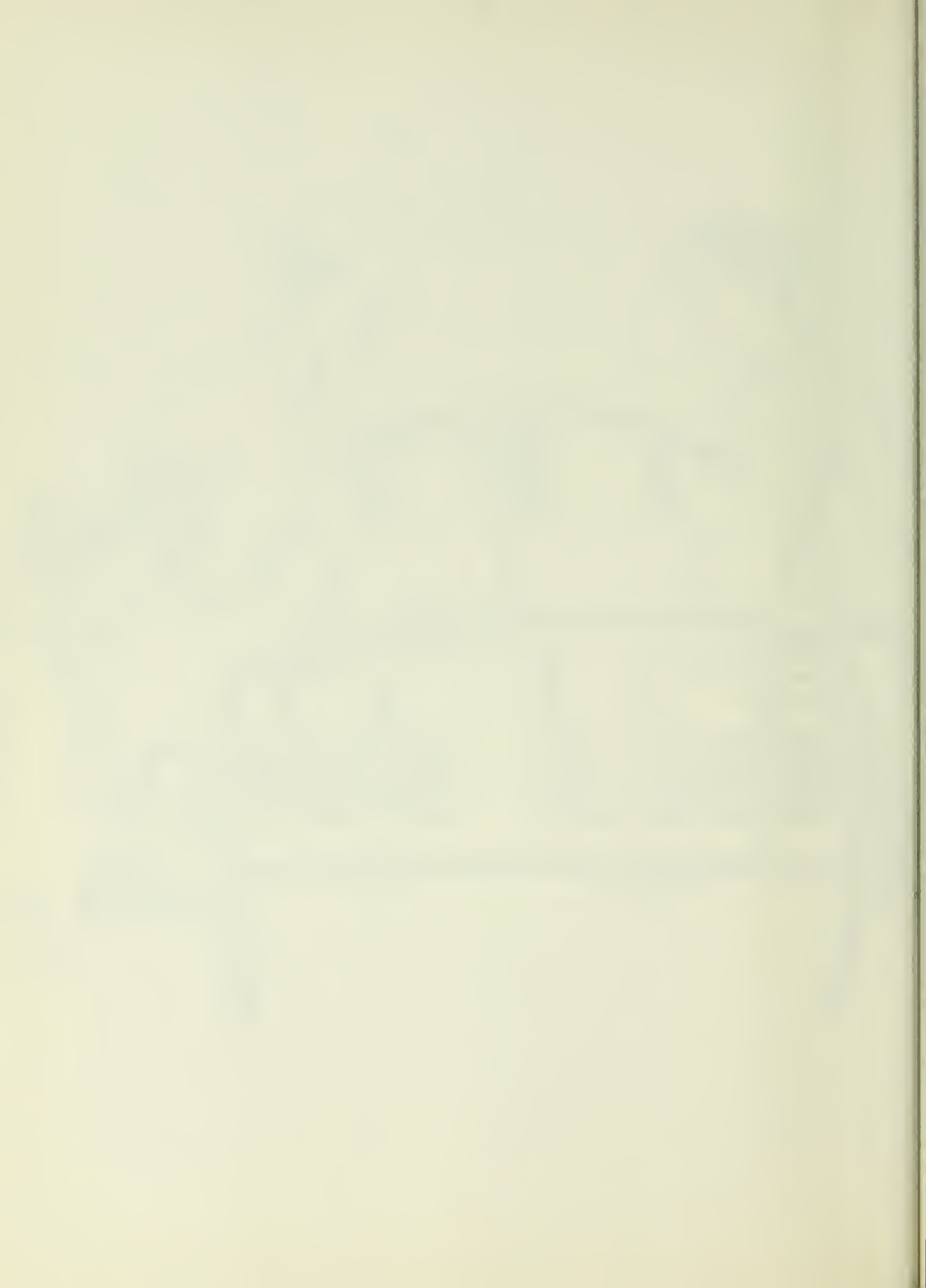
"We arrived at the field some minutes after the play had started and since the stands were almost completely filled with middle-aged enthusiasts, were forced to sit way at one end, near one of those wooden things. The first twenty minutes or so were spent in trying to get our date to pass the flask, but eventually discovering that she loosened her hold when the fellow behind us drooled on her, we settled down to an afternoon of what we expected to be profitless striving, and allowed our repose to be disturbed only when the teams started all over in the middle, and we were expected to stand up. It occurred to us, however, after the teams had changed sides and everything was happening at the other end of the field, that we were standing up much more often than we could remember doing before. In fact, we were standing up all the damn time.

It soon became evident, even to the unpracticed eye, that one of the teams was just fooling around, letting the other push it all over the field, and everyone, player, spectators, coaches, etc., were just laughing and having a good time. In fact, one of the coaches was laughing so hard there were tears streaming down his cheeks.

Well, that's the way it went all afternoon. Needless to say, we have never enjoyed a football game so much in our lives. This new innovation that seems to be peculiar to this school has made such a vast improvement in the game by taking it out of the realm of sports and putting it into that of humor that we shall never miss another, and by way of showing our appreciation for the work that must have gone into this, the staff and personnel of this magazine have unanimously nominated Charles O'Rourke *Ya-Hoo* for the Fall issue."



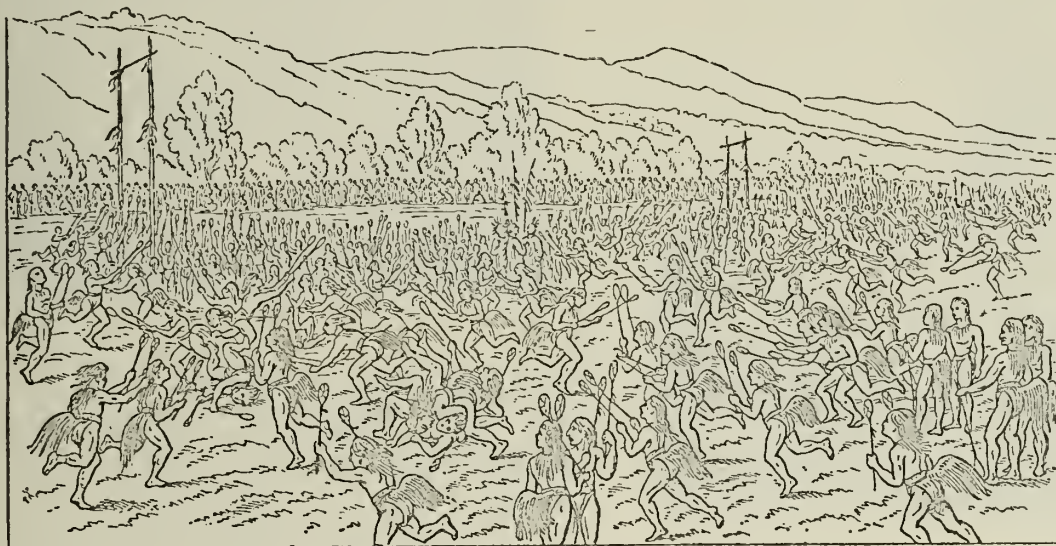




HARVARD CLASS OF 36 (1636)

Founded in 1636, and for many years residing stolidly in the mists of nonentity, the HARVARD SEMINARY FOR YOUNG MEN is currently enjoying a public resurgence. This return to the public eye was caused by the victory of the KEPT MEN OF RADCLIFFE over a travel wearied University football team.

Realizing the need to better acquaint our reading public with older, wetter, institutions we, the editors of *Ya-Hoo*, having stumbled upon a volume of the first Harvard yearbook, take great pleasure in presenting excerpts from that ancient tome. Here then, is the history of the first years of that venerable institution—HARVARD.

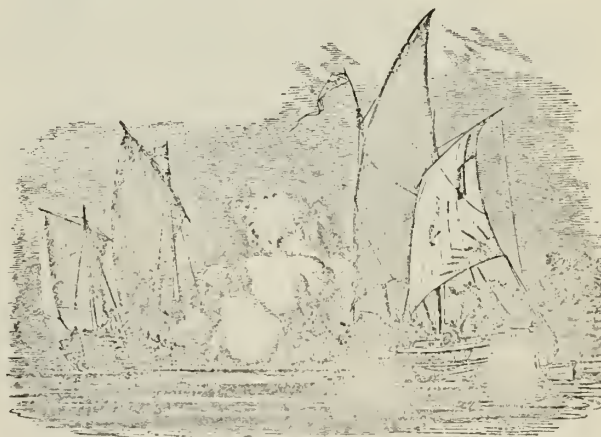


1636 Homecoming Football Game

Here, depicted in a student artist's sketch, the joyous Harvard Students thunder onto the playing field after their 13-0 upset of Michilinackinac U., before a blanket clad Homecoming crowd of 8000 Indians and 36 cowering Harvard men.



Radcliffe girls are cautioned that closing hours for Harvard men are 7:30 on weeknights and 1 o'clock on weekends. Master Cotton Mather, class of '39, is informing these Radcliffe ladies that the punishment for keeping Harvardmen out late is burning in Salem.



Traditional boat race on Charles with rivals, Yale. Irate Harvard crew disqualified when impulsive Harvard Coxswain, Norman Cabot Lodge, ordered a "broadside" fired into the leading Yale shell.





Mischievous Harvard frosh nails Prexy John Harvard's waistcoat to the traditional flag pole. The student, one Master Roger Williams' class of '40 was later exiled to Rhode Island, there in a fit of vengeance he founded Providence.

Hasty Pudding Club tryouts, in which not only acting ability, but stamina and endurance are tested are held on the second Friday in October. Needless to say Masters Towne and Browne found this frosh unacceptable.



Master Cabot Cabot, Schoel of Business '36, gives traditional dormitory housekeeper her traditional "payoff." Remarked Master Cabot, "Two pounds is still traditional, isn't it?"



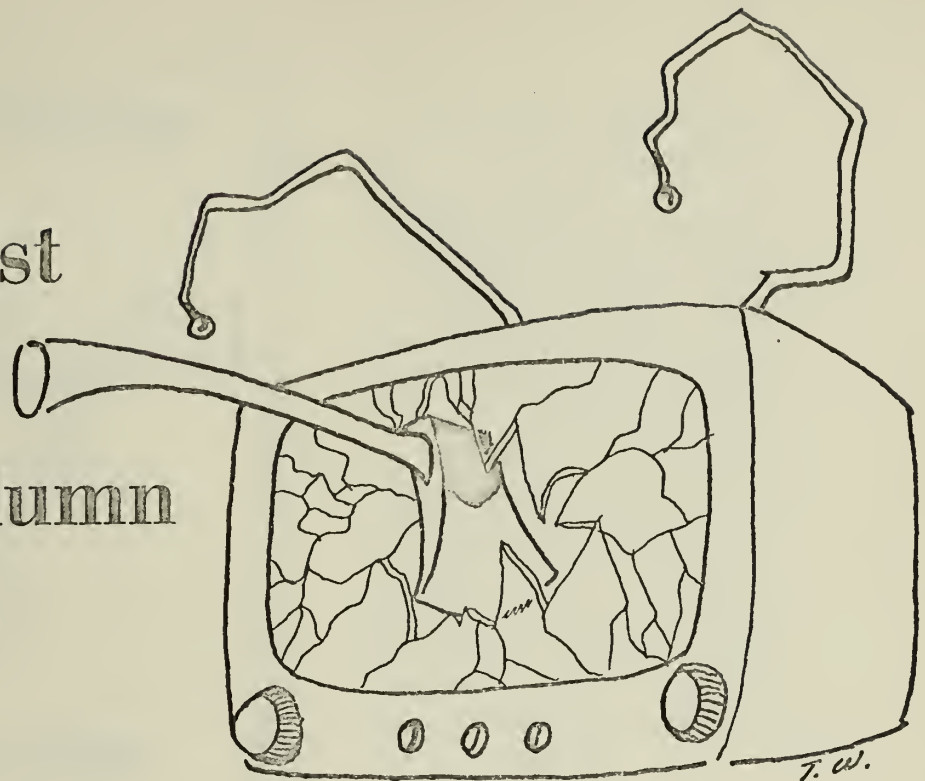
'37 HOMECOMING — Artist's sketch of Michilinacknac U. after defeating Harvard in the '37 Homecoming game.

Michilinacknac 11 (scalps)
Harvard 0 (none)

Daily

Disgust

Column



As a not too new feature *Ya-Hoo* presents its Daily Disgust Column in which irate students may voice their personal hate and disgust. This issue's contributor, one Furdly Fuzz, is, as you will find, delightfully disgusted with the advertising advances made through the television medium. It is to the Furdly Fuzzes everywhere that we of *Ya-Hoo* lift our voices in praise. Remember, "he who hates most hates best." The following are the opinions of Furdly Fuzz and do not reflect the opinions of this magazine, mainly because we have no opinions.

Dear Editor,

I'm writing this letter to you because I'm disgusted with the things I've been seeing on television, because it's about time somebody said something about these television commercials, and because I've seen some of the rubbish you guys print, and I figure maybe I'm doing you a favor.

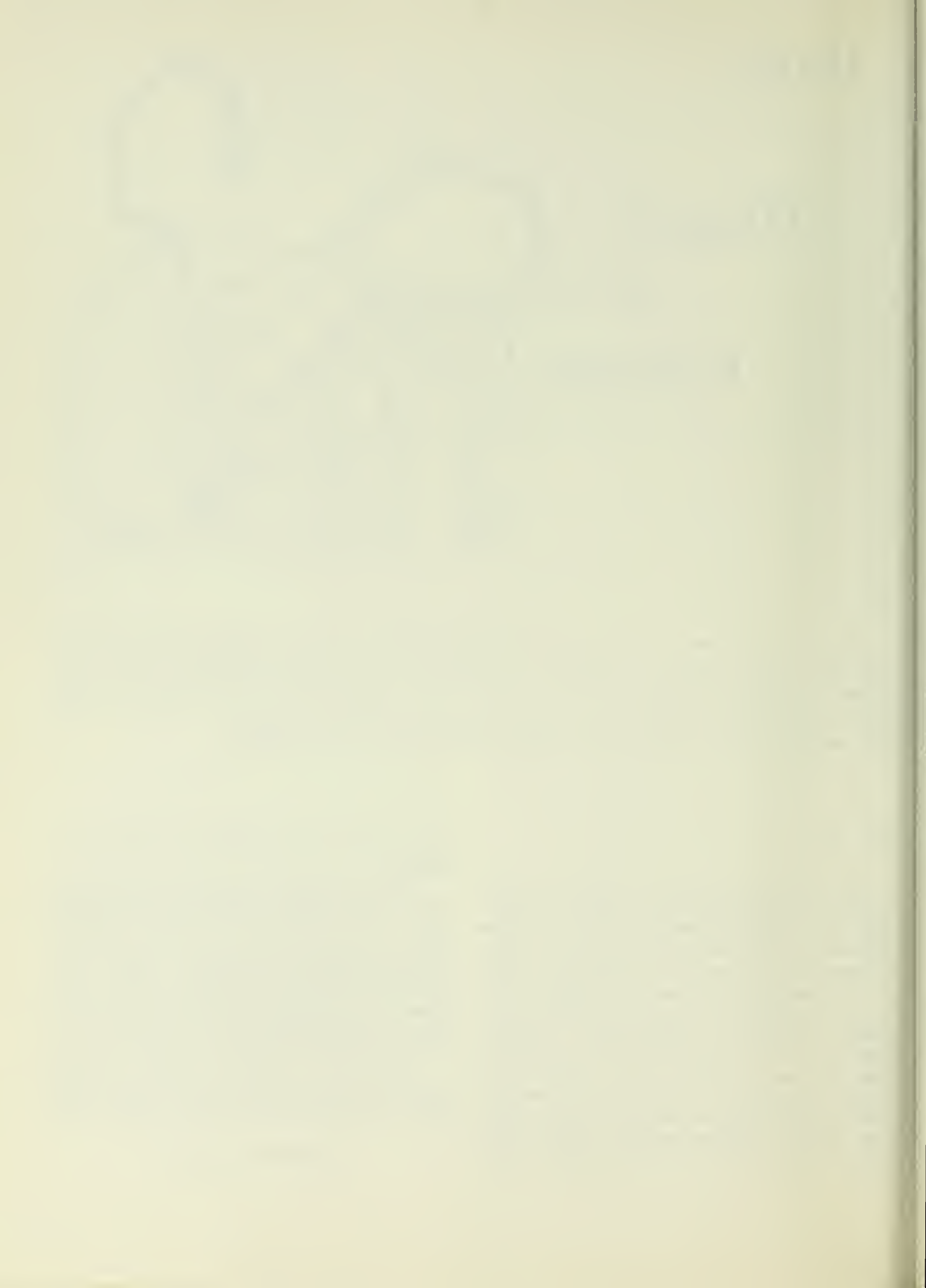
To begin with take a look at this Platex ad. You know, the one with the bra and panty girdle swimming around, and reaching for things, and never "sliding or riding-up." Well buddy, I don't know how you feel, but when a guy can get worked up over an empty bra and girdle, that's going just a little too far. And when they show you that "living" bra and point out that it's been worn for three months without getting a wrinkle, I boil, because I know why there aren't any wrinkles, because

that bra was worn three months by a twenty-three year old guy.

And what's this Mr. Clean bit? Dad's underneath the sink doing his damndest to fix a leak, and what's Mom doing? Is she gloating over her spouse's mechanical prowess? Is she forever grateful for his household handiwork? NO! Instead she's making eyes at a bottle of detergent with a middle aged Yul Bryner on it. Is this what's become of the new togetherness—placing Dad under the sink and Mom under the spell of a bottle? What kind of a home life is it when a wife harbors a passion for a soap?

And food—that really get me. Who in their right minds would want to munch on a peanut butter sandwich made with peanut butter that had been walked through.

(Continued on page 14)



Quality Printing



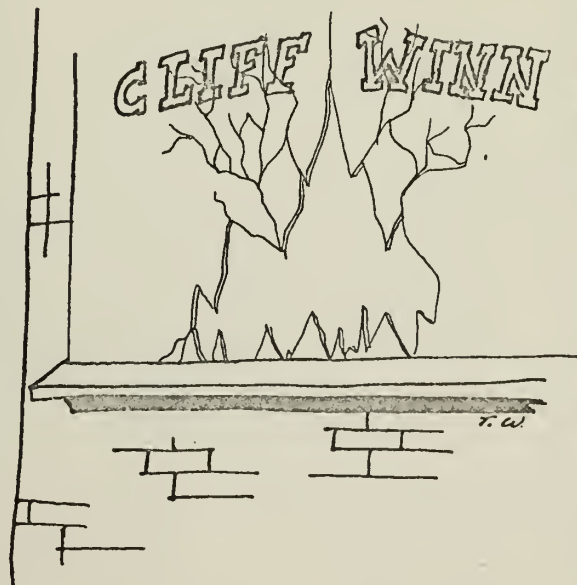
**HAMILTON
NEWELL**

"I've got to get a present," confided a customer to a department-store clerk, "for a very rich old aunt who can hardly walk. Any suggestions?" The clerk considered a moment, then came up with, "How about some floor wax?"

A Missouri boy, a plebe at Annapolis, wrote a letter home, explaining, "The first thing I had to learn down here was how to use my sextant." "Well," declared his mother, aghast, "the things they teach in college nowadays!"

A young priest was hearing confession one Saturday evening when there appeared before him an unfamiliar young girl. "I've been away in another city for the past two years," she explained, "studying acrobatics. May I show you what I learned?" "By all means," said the young priest. The girl thereupon proceeded to do a complicated series of back flips and pinwheels, ending by standing on her head. During the course of her exhibition, two older ladies of the parish entered. "Glory be!" gasped one of them. "Would yez look at what the good father is giving for penance today—and me in me old last year's bloomers!"

Get Your Gifts At









YA-HOO

Queen

Ya-Hoo, ever on the lookout for co-ed glamour, is pleased to bring its readers Miss Janica Towne. Janica, a sophomore living at Lewis, comes to us by way of Quincy. Her summer vacations, spent near home at the South Shore, include an impressive list of vacation activities, with sailboat racing, tennis, and water skiing high on her list of favorites.

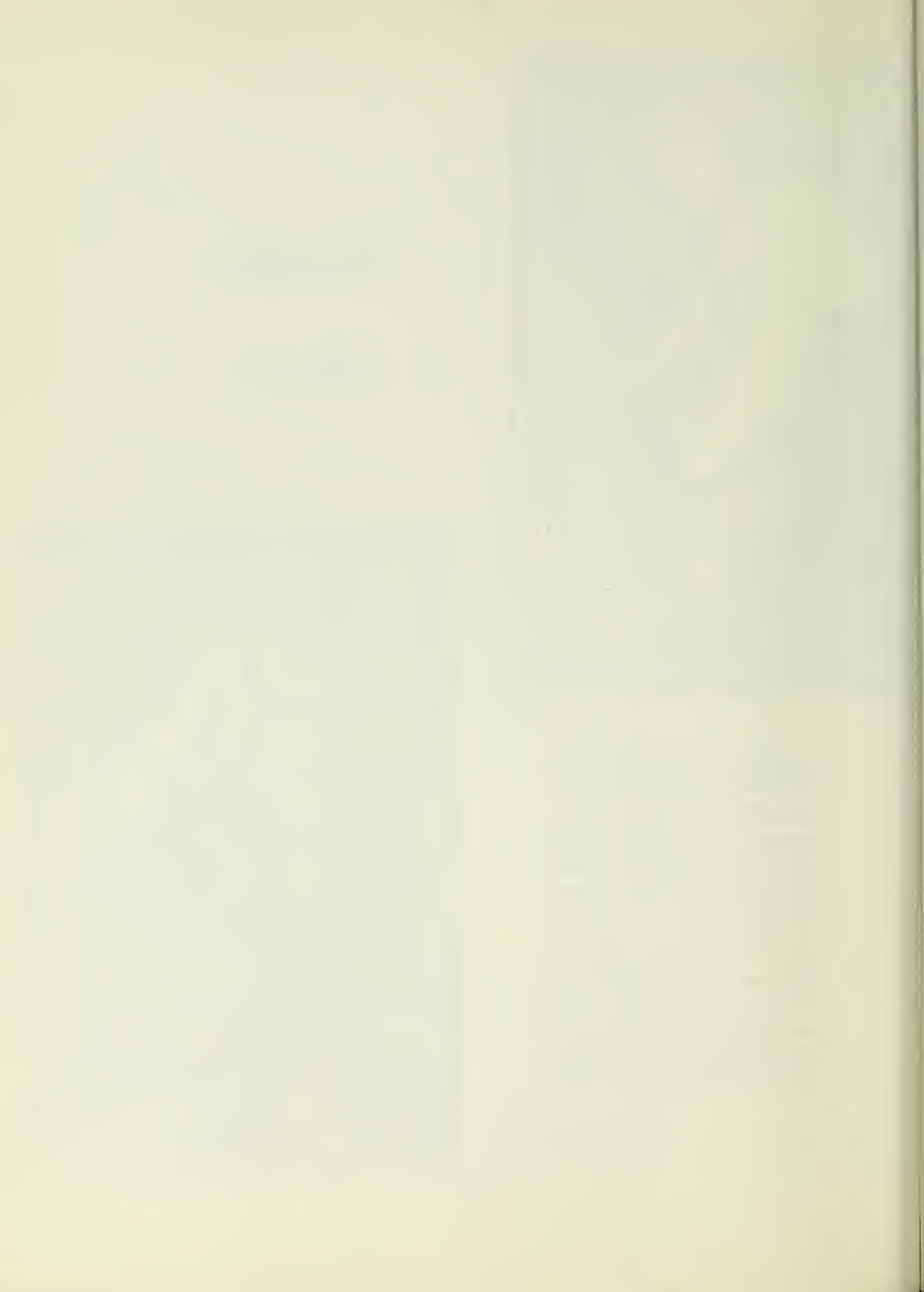
On campus our pert queen is active in athletics, the Operetta Guild, and photography for the *Collegian*. We on the staff of *Ya-Hoo* felt that Janica's elfin charm was just the ticket for this our first issue of the year, and, as our pictures will testify, we couldn't have been more fortunate in our choice.

Photos—

Don Witkowski

Ed York





light
up
in
style!



WINDPROOF LIGHTERS

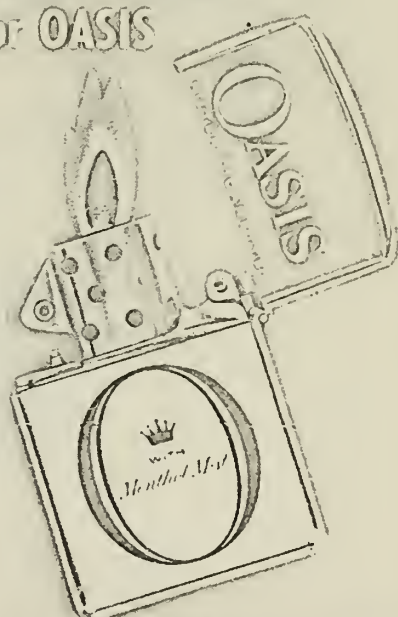
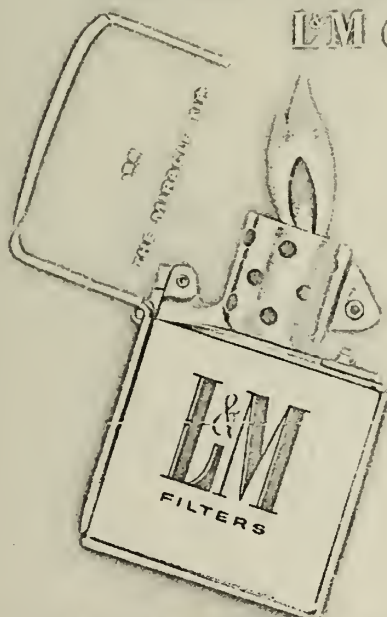
YOUR CHOICE OF HIS OR HER SIZE!

Here's the best light: offer you'll find in windproof lighters - in your choice of sizes matched to which of the 3 great cigarette packages designs shown below you want reproduced in beautiful full color ink on your lighter. Order as many lighters as you wish - but order now! Offer expires January, 31, 1960

SEND ONLY 60¢ AND THE BOTTOM FLAP FROM 10 PACKAGES OF

L&M or CHESTERFIELD or OASIS

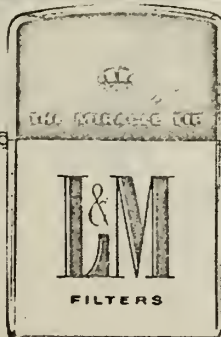
cigarettes



IDEAL COMPANION GIFTS - 3 Great Lighter & Myer Brands to Choose From

L&M
CO-ED
SIZE

ACTUAL
SIZE



SPECIAL OFFER—Order as Many Lighters as You Wish!
LIGHTERS, P. O. BOX 85A, MT. VERNON 10, N. Y.

I enclose 60¢ (no stamps) plus the bottom flap from 10 packages of L&M or Chesterfield or Oasis, for each lighter. (First Class Mail.) Please send

FULL SIZE

- ☐ L&M Lighters
- ☐ Chesterfield Lighters
- ☐ Oasis Lighters

CO-ED SIZE

- ☐ L&M Lighters
- ☐ Chesterfield Lighters
- ☐ Oasis Lighters

(Please print plainly)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

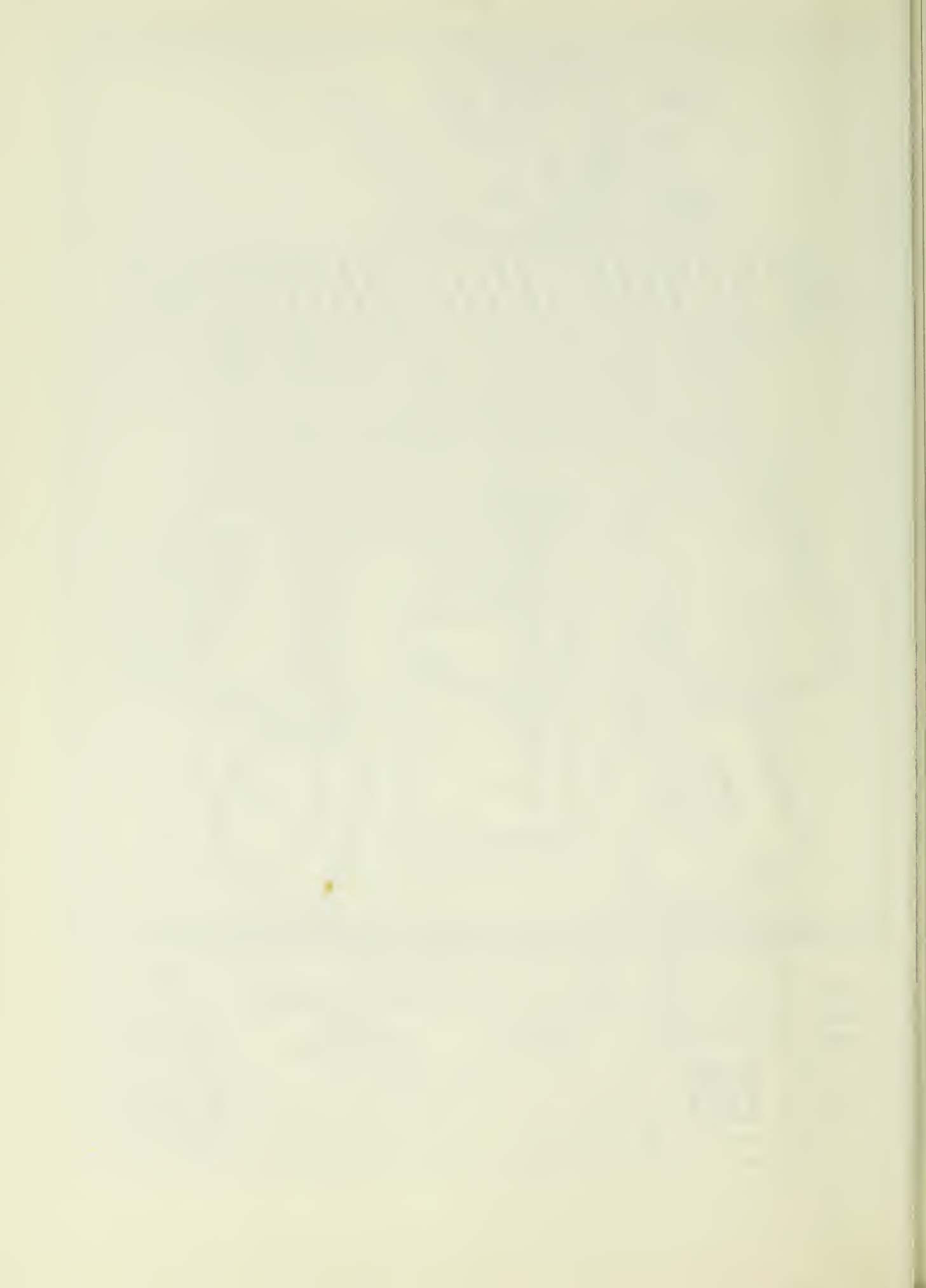
CITY _____ STATE _____



BOTTOM FLAP

This offer expires Jan. 31, 1960 and is not valid for shipment into states where prohibited, taxed or regulated.

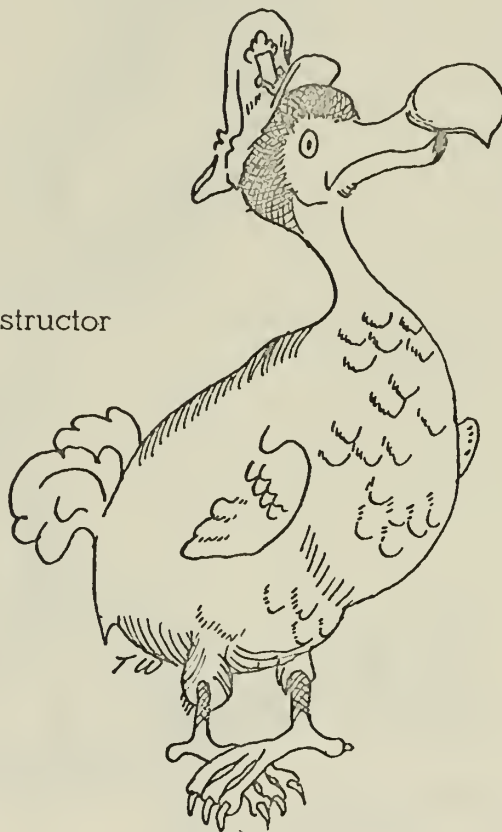
NOTICE: If you are sending in for more than one lighter be sure you have provided sufficient postage to cover additional weight of coins and paper flaps.



THE A.F.R.O.T.C. CADET OFFICER AS SEEN BY . . .

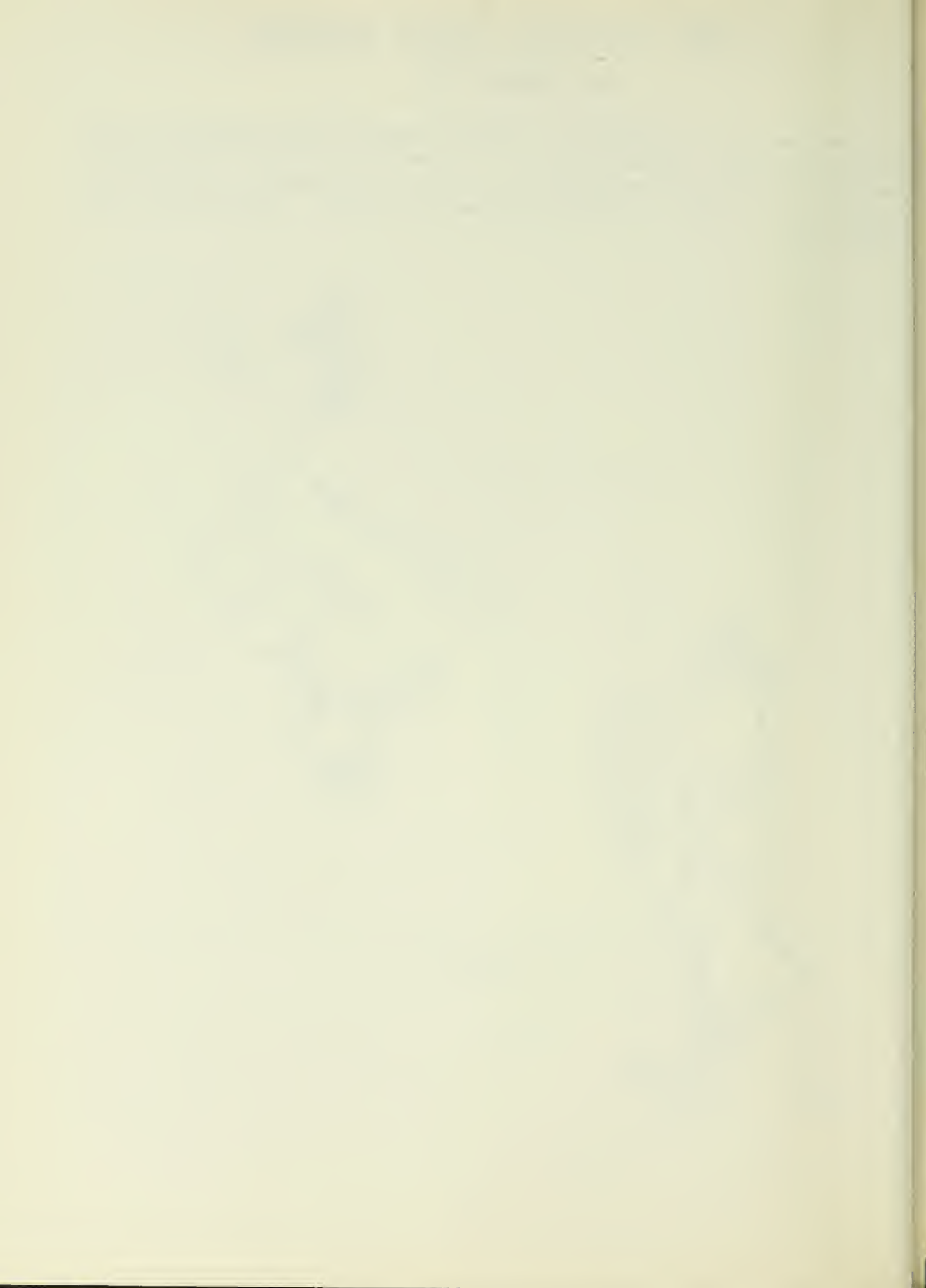
Last year *Ya-Hoo* brought you a very fine product of our somewhat zany Art Editor's talent. Tracy Wilson, who drew "The Armor Cadet Officer," since then, has been asked, commanded, and finally threatened by the Department of Air Science. "Equal space or else," was Colonel Marchand's ultimatum. Consequently *Ya-Hoo* brings you . . .

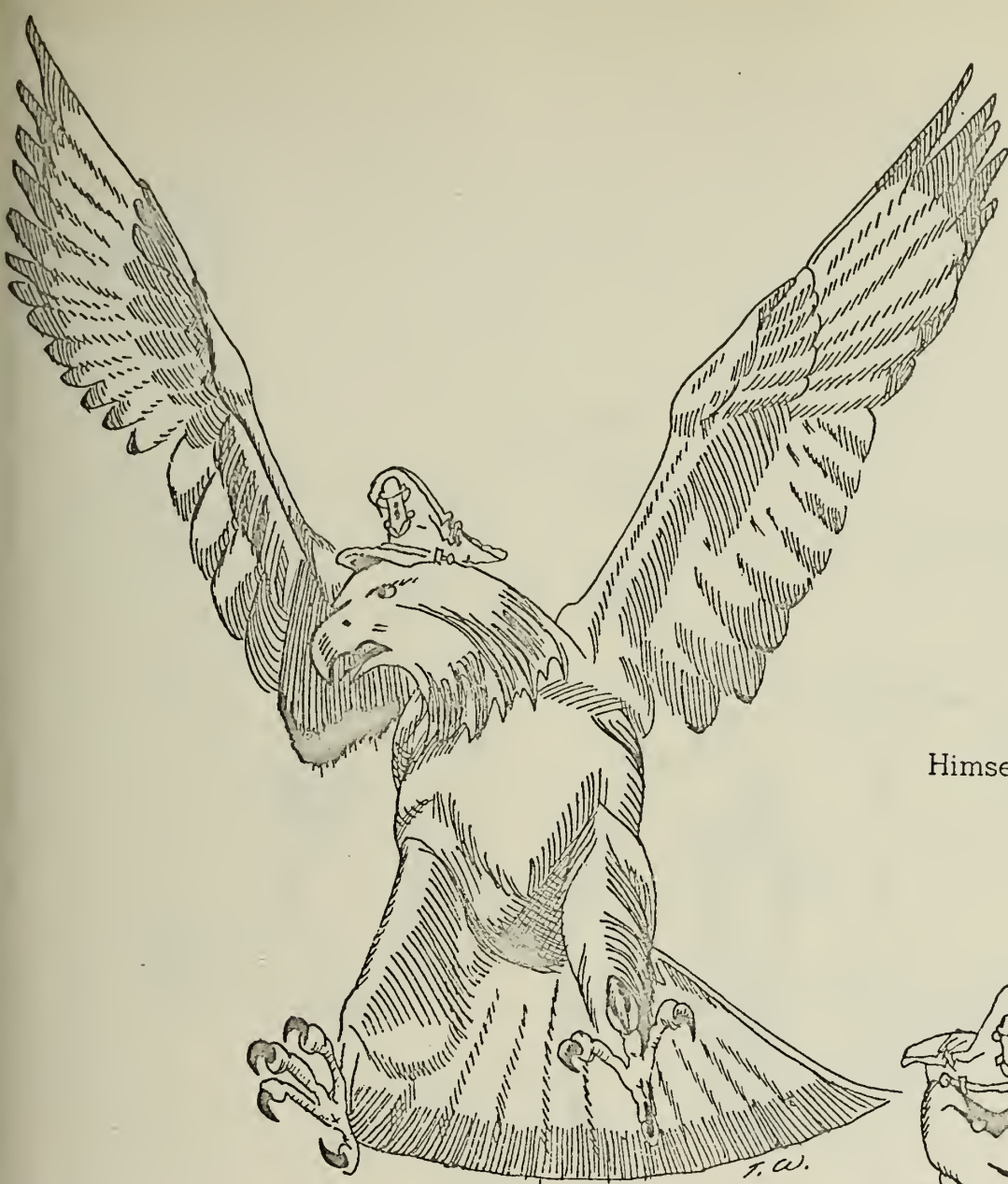
His Air Science Instructor



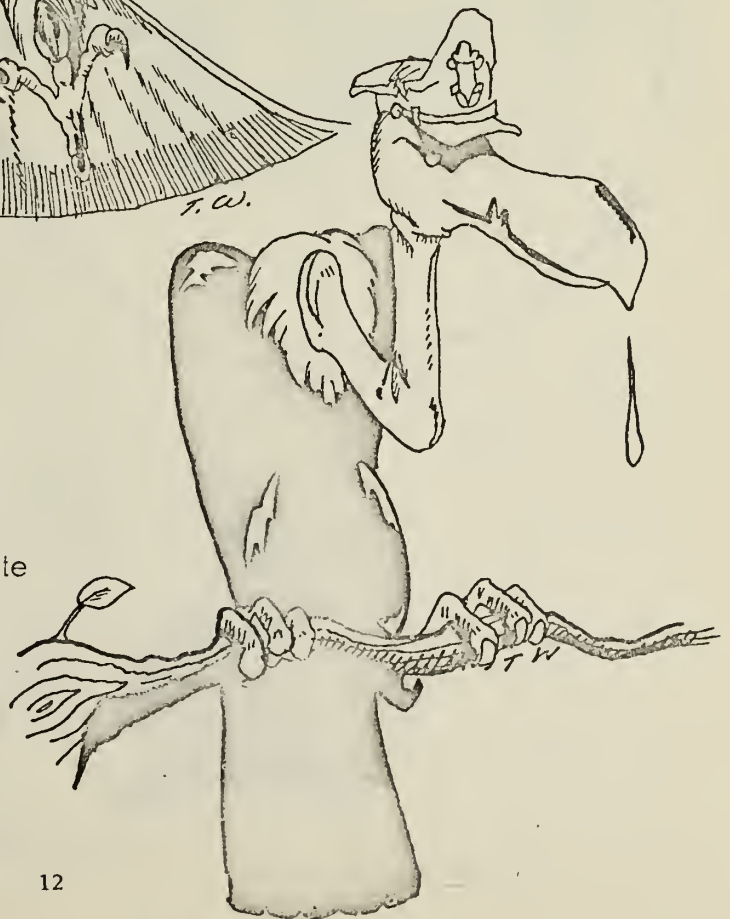
His Men



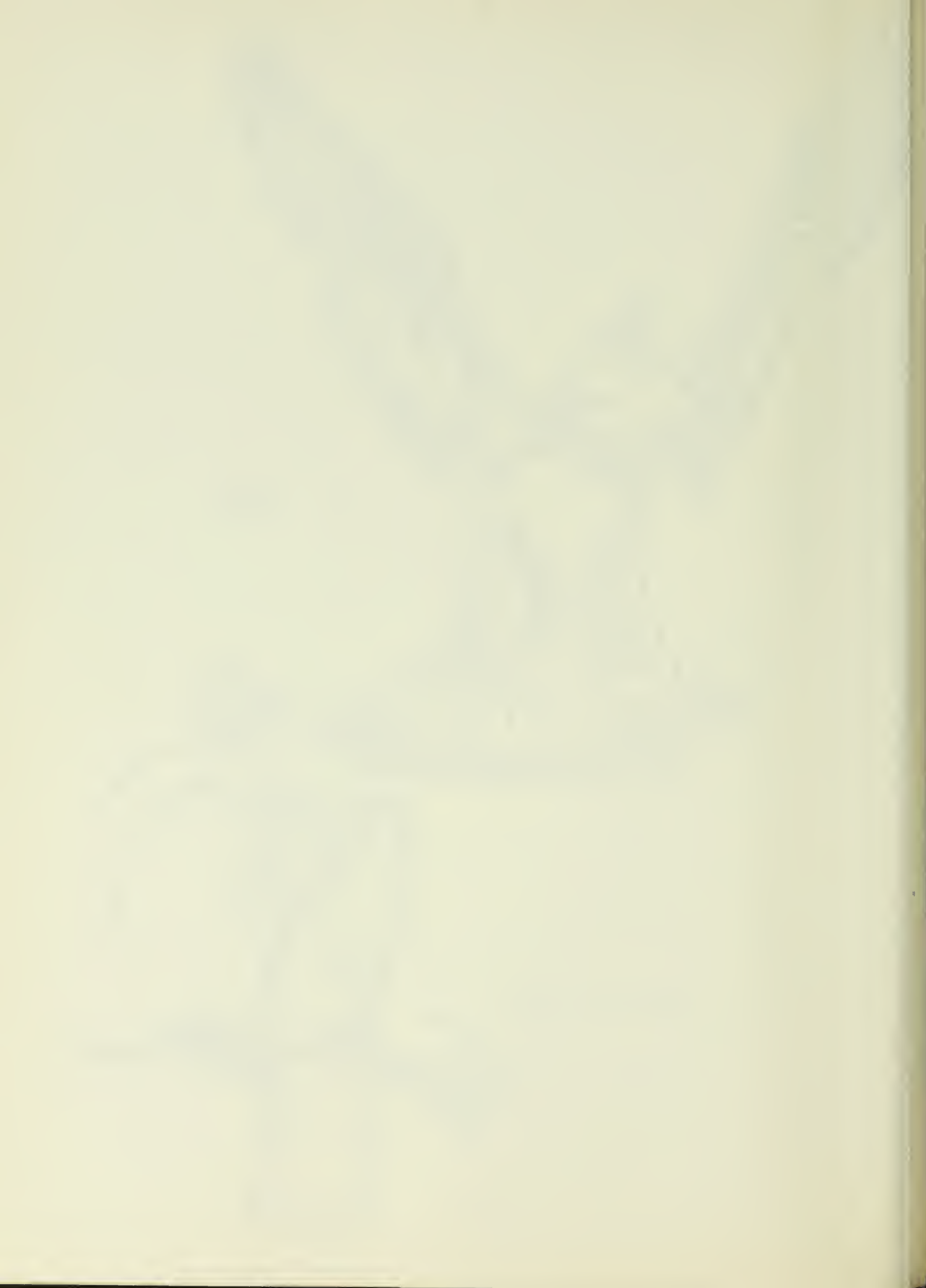




Himself



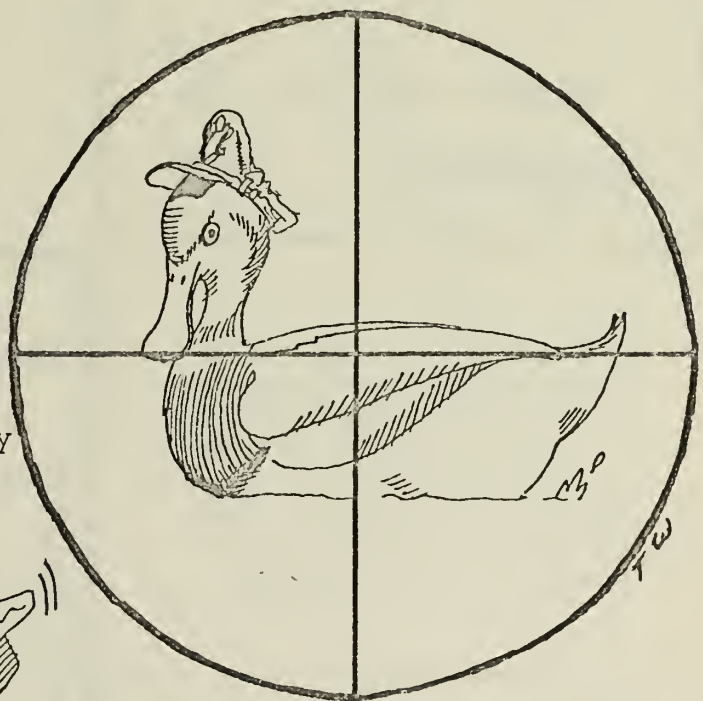
His Mili Ball Date



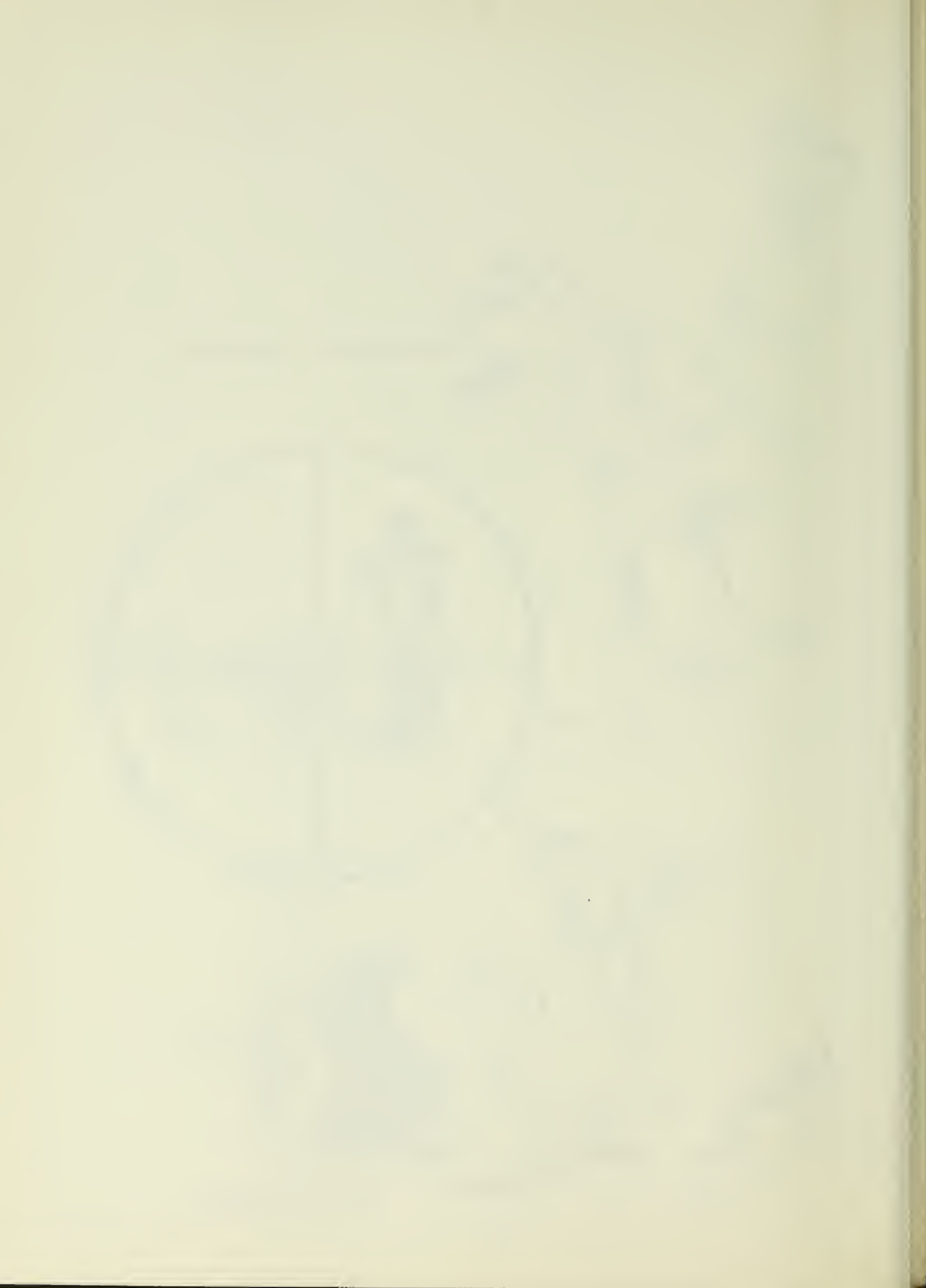


His Home Town Draft Board

The Enemy



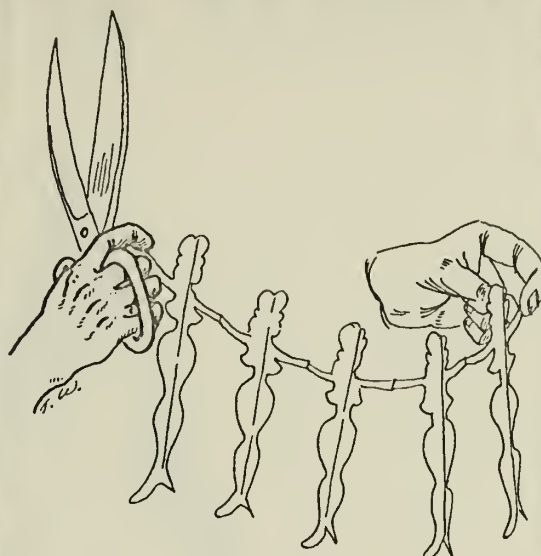
The Armor Cadet



(Continued from page 6)

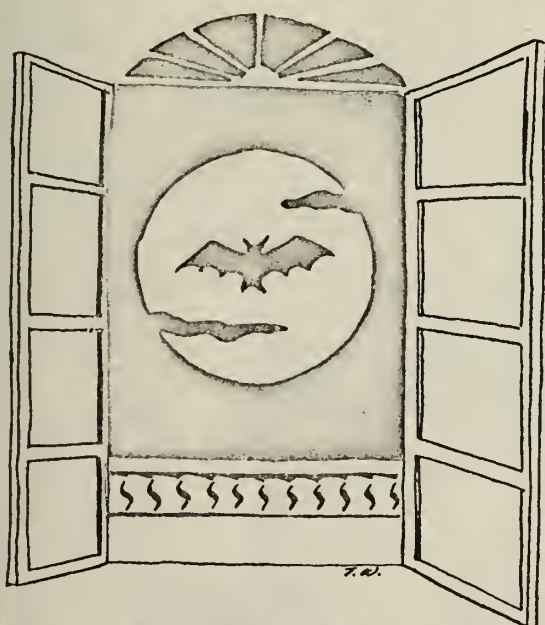
Pixie or no pixie, feet are feet. Or how about those cake mixes? Seems like nowadays you can't even bite into a piece of cake without staring into an oil portrait of Betsy Crocker of that obnoxious German, Hines. Speaking of Hines, I saw on television just the other day where Hines 57 Varieties has come out with a 58th Variety (instant 57th Variety). One of the biggest lies you'll see on television concerns that Chock-Full-of Nuts ad. Well, I bought a can, and I'll tell you what it was choc-full-of; it was chock-full-of coffee. Boy!

By the way Bunkie, take a long look at those hair tonic ads. It isn't bad enough that the concoctions have been made greaseless, dandruffless and waterless; the manufacturers have even gone so far as to predict intrinsic sex powers in their product.



For All Your Paper
Needs — BAUCOM'S

For All Your
Midnite Snacks



LOUIS' FOODS

After oiling your dome with these new ointments, it suddenly becomes a physical impossibility to fend off obnoxious females desirous of running their greasy fingers through your greaseless hair, but do they love you for your mind or soul or body? NO! All they want is your hair. Boy, am I sick.

Hatefully yours,
Furdly Fuzz

The Navy is working on an atomic submarine which will stay under water for four solid years—coming up just long enough to allow the crew to re-enlist.



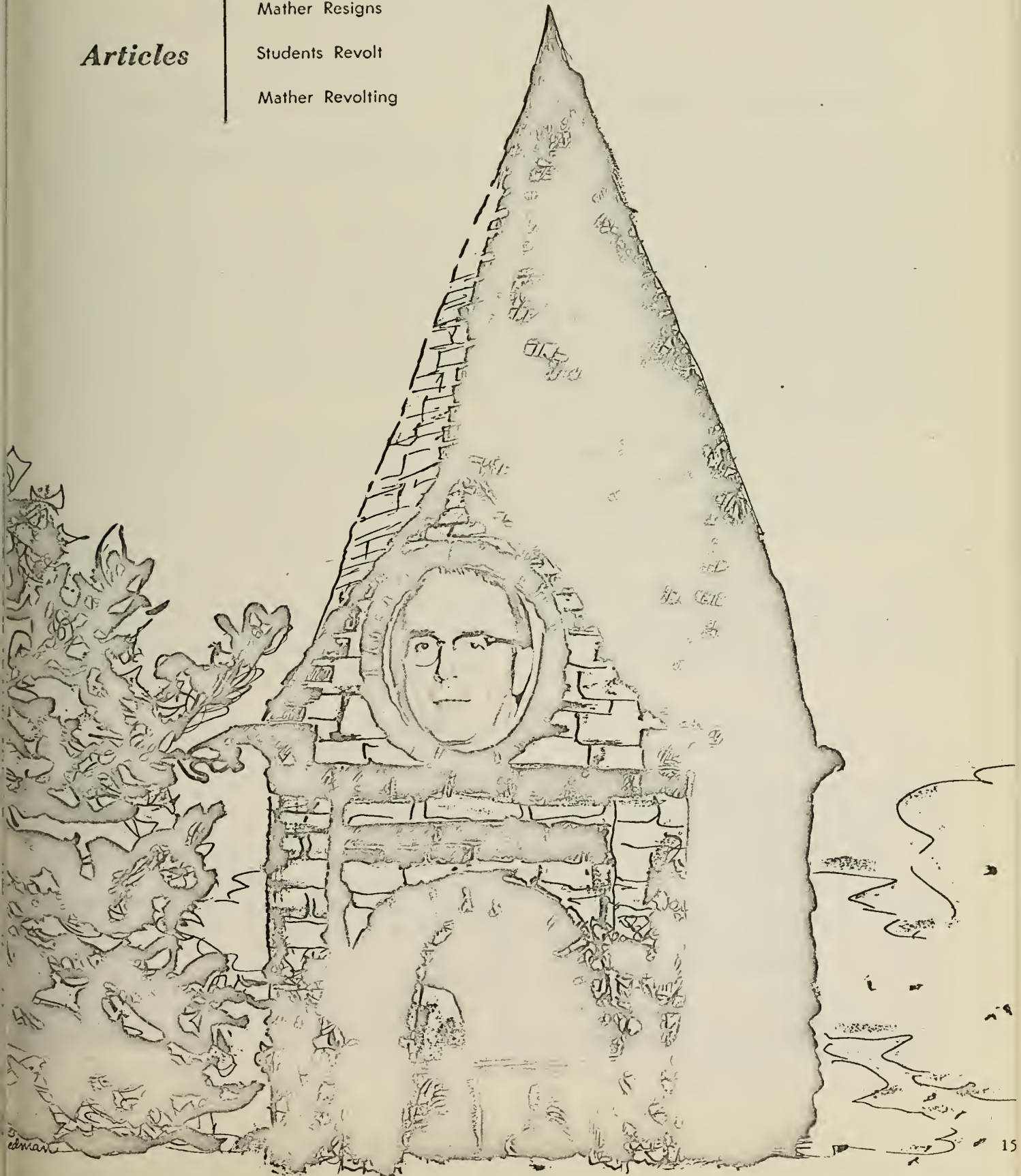
MASSACHUSETTS ALUMNUS

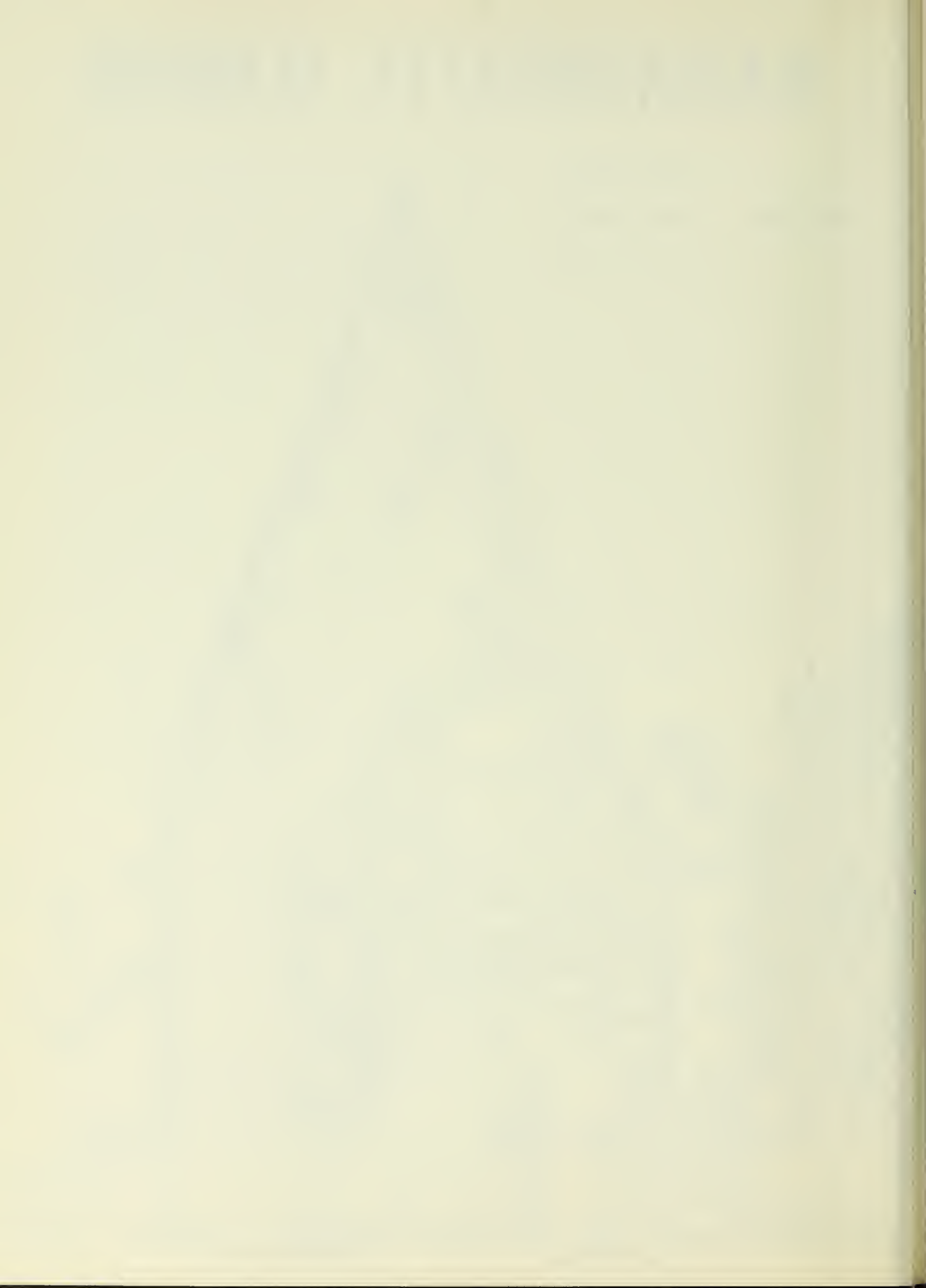
Articles

Mather Resigns

Students Revolt

Mather Revolting





With The President

Hi! This is your traditionally friendly University president welcoming you in my traditionally friendly University way. Hi!

Now I know what you're all thinking. It's just like I was saying to "Bob" the other day (he's our traditionally friendly Dean of Men) "Bob," said I, "I bet everytime I poke my blow lunch tie into their bulletin the alumni think I'm after money." "Well J.P.," said Bob, "Looks like they're finally wising up to you." Haha, I laughed. I laughed because it was funny. And when Billy Burkhart gets a little more experience I'll show "Bob" just how funny I thought that was.

The University, as you all know, is currently undergoing a massive expansion program. It's all a part of my Master Plan, the most masterful plan I've ever mastered. You know what they say: "Give J.P. three square feet of ground and he'll have a building on it." Now where, I ask you, is all this money coming from? Certainly not from the state...they don't even know we have a school here! I'm not going to tell them until it's all finished, isn't that clever of me? Where is the money coming from then, you ask? I'll tell you where the money is coming from, it's coming from you! Voluntary Alumni subscriptions!

"But," you ask, "what are we going to get out of it?" A good question. How would you like an honorary Master of Arts in the field of your choice? A twenty-five dollar pledge and it's yours. Got fifty dollars? A Ph.D. is just sitting here waiting. It's all a part of my new "Kudos For Kash" plan! Want to speak at graduation? There's a lot of room left on that podium and I want to see UM people filling it. Act now, this offer will not be repeated. Incidentally, if you have five hundred dollars kicking around, that new Dorm #19 still isn't named, and a word to the wise...

I'll be back next month at this time, (I think) but think over what I've said. Remember, at UM Progress is our most important product.

New Campus Organization

The University is pleased and proud to welcome its newest student organization, C.L.O.D. (Campus League of Dullards) comprised of a group of senior men, who on the brink of graduation, realized their common bond, the fact that not one of them has ever belonged to a University association, organization, or group. Their unique and modest apathy first came to the attention of South College early in September. With much convincing, prodding, and eventually threatening, the above seniors were "advised" to join a campus organization before graduation or else. At the first meeting of the CLODS it was decided that no jacket, hat, pin, or emblem, designating its members would be worn. The election of officers was a more arduous task, for not one of the assembled wished to hold office. After much deliberation, argument, and assorted punches, straws were drawn and the losers allotted the executive positions. They are:

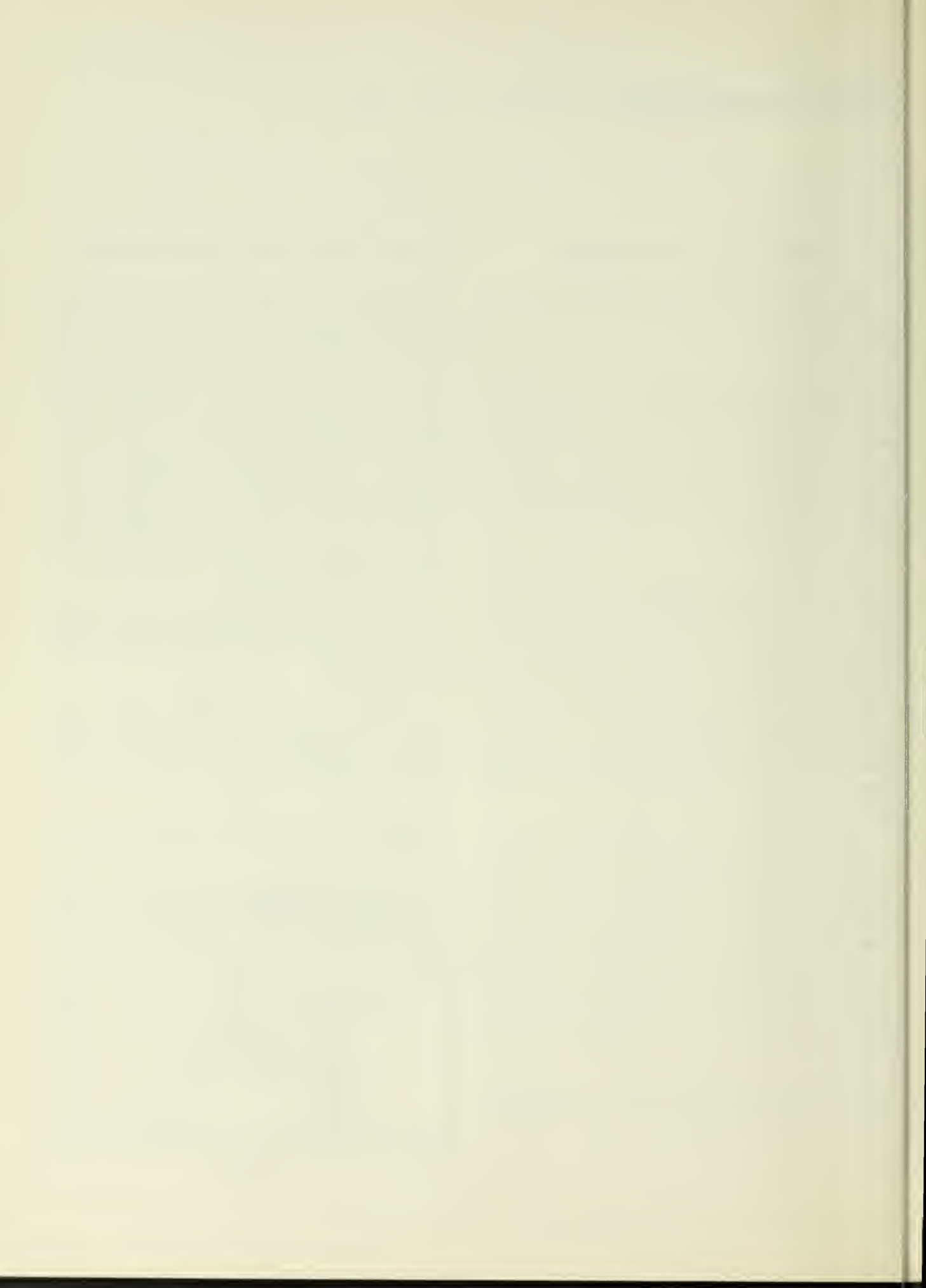
President—J. Matthew Piddling (first man, first row) who successfully managed to avoid Freshman Week, four-hundred and thirty-two fraternity smokers, and four bids from Adelpia which he believed to be a Mafia backed organization.

Vice President—E. Reeve Slothful (first row second man). Slothful distinguished himself throughout the past four years by neglecting to accept twelve fraternity bids, a Maroon key tapping (he thought someone behind him wanted the time), and three calls from the Student Union Dance Committee (he was asleep).

Secretary—Michael Neverdone (absent from picture) who might have become his class president had he not voted for his opponent, thus losing the election by one vote.



The Clods



Billy Burkhart Builds His Dream Home

It has been brought to the attention of the publishers of this bulletin that one of our more beloved faculty members has recently completed erecting an edifice, which will insure the remembrance of his name to posterity. It is in keeping with our policy to report to our meager and somewhat unnecessary following the details, important, and often unimportant, of an event of this stature. Therefore, the staff of the Mass Alumnus proudly and formally announces the completion of the Burkhart ancestral mansion owned by Mr. William Burkhart, Assistant Dean of Men and part time grocery clerk in some of Amherst's finest grocery stores. When our reporter went to call on Mr. Burkhart in hopes of learning more of the newly completed structure, he was confronted by a remarkable building (see photo), well set back from the road, stunning in its quiet simplicity.

After ringing the doorbell, which was artfully contrived of automobile window glass wrought into the shape of a question mark, our reporter was greeted by a cheerful recording which said, "You have just passed Go, collect \$200". Mr. Burkhart gave hearty welcome to this reporter, but said that he was very busy and would be unable to grant an interview at that time. "Billy," as he insisted that he be called, jokingly commented that he wasn't exactly sure just what it was he had to do, but to feel free to examine the premises while he tried to think of what "it" was.

Protection of Mr. B's privacy prohibits us from describing the living quarters of the mansion, except to mention that they were furnished in a clean and simple manner which is in keeping with Mr. Burkhart's personality. His personal office is large with a huge desk located in the left corner,

a single chair at the desk, and a massive teak wood bookcase running the length of the right wall. Its gigantic proportions are magnified by the fact that it contains but three volumes.

Our reporter was examining the above books when Mr. Burkhart stormed into the room "I remembered what it was that I was supposed to do!" he shouted. "Today's the day I'm supposed to move. The contractors are going to begin dynamiting this very site in an hour."

Our reporter might have been able to give a more detailed account of his observations had the dynamiting not begun an hour earlier than forgetful "Billy" had predicted. The tattered notes which you find reproduced here were found charred and torn at Metawampe's feet early the next morning.



Dream Home

DEATHS

Charles H. Roddy Class of '91

Old alums will remember old Charlie as the oldest living graduate of the school. It was always a unique thrill at Homecoming to shake the hand of this very distinguished and special graduate of the old Mass. "Aggie." Charlie was struck down by an automobile early this fall. Coincidentally the driver of the car was old Bill Wagner (class of '92) who consequently becomes the University's oldest living graduate.

William F. McIntyre Class of '53

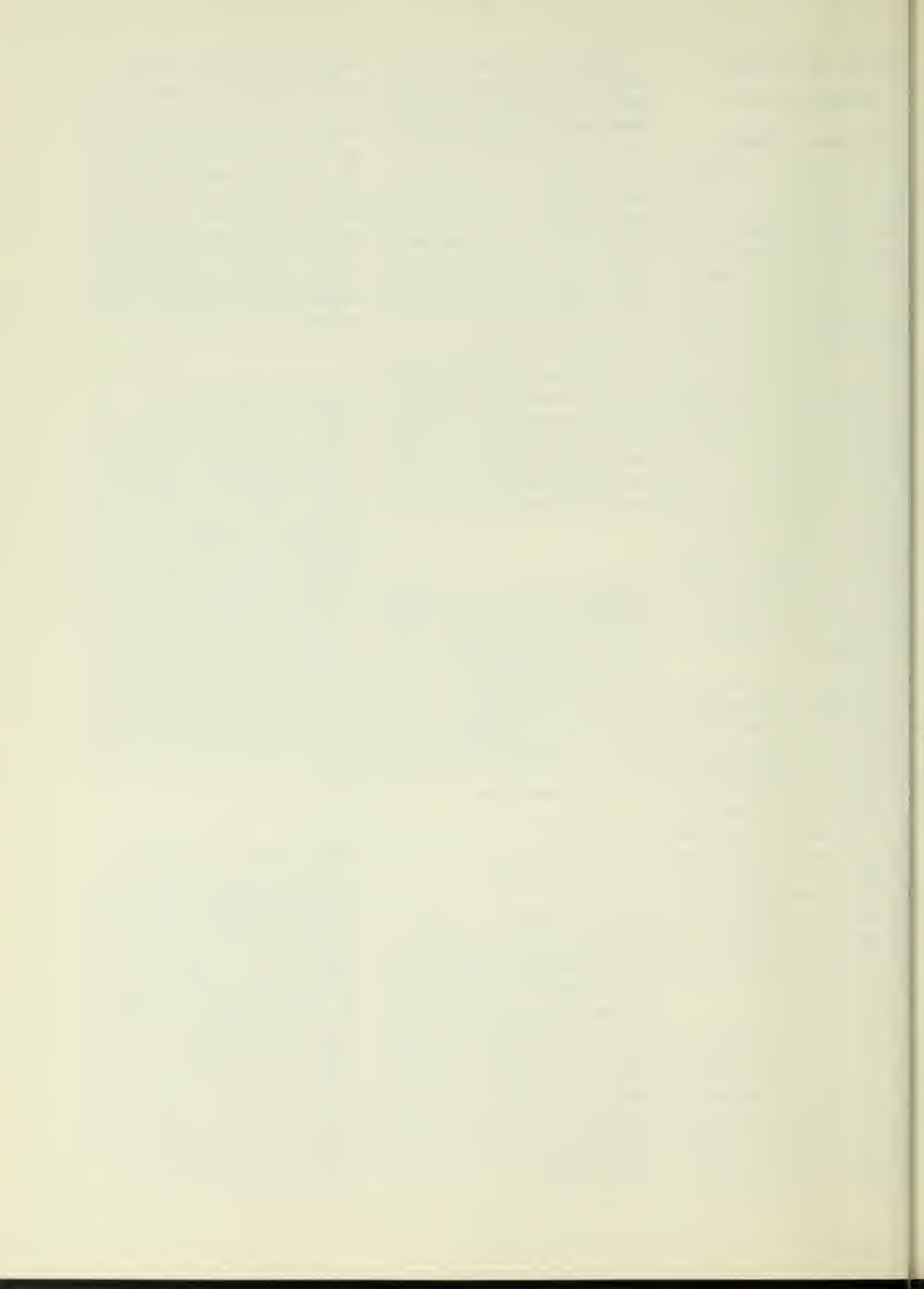
The passing of our dear friend "Mac" will bring a sincere note of sadness to all who knew him, for we who did share his friendship remember him as the carefree, flag-pole-sitting, panty-raiding, stunt-flying, beer-drinking fellow always ready with a smile or humorous expression. Ironically "Mac" died as the result of a bottle of milk. His wife Prudence, disgusted with his fool hardy antics, smashed his head with one.

Beata Muldoon Class of '31

Beata, or "Bambi", as her close friends called her died October 3, 1959. Miss Muldoon, who became a foreign missionary in the Belgian Congo in 1937, seemed launched upon a successful religious career among the Zuhilli natives of that area. Her violent death at the hands of these same natives went unexplained for days. Then, an African linguist provided the answer. In the Zuhilli dialect Beata means Devil. Unfortunately, after twenty-two years of loyal service, Miss Muldoon's first name was discovered by the Zuhilli. Her presence at class night will be sorely missed, for she always read the invocation.

Clifford Lockhart Class of '39

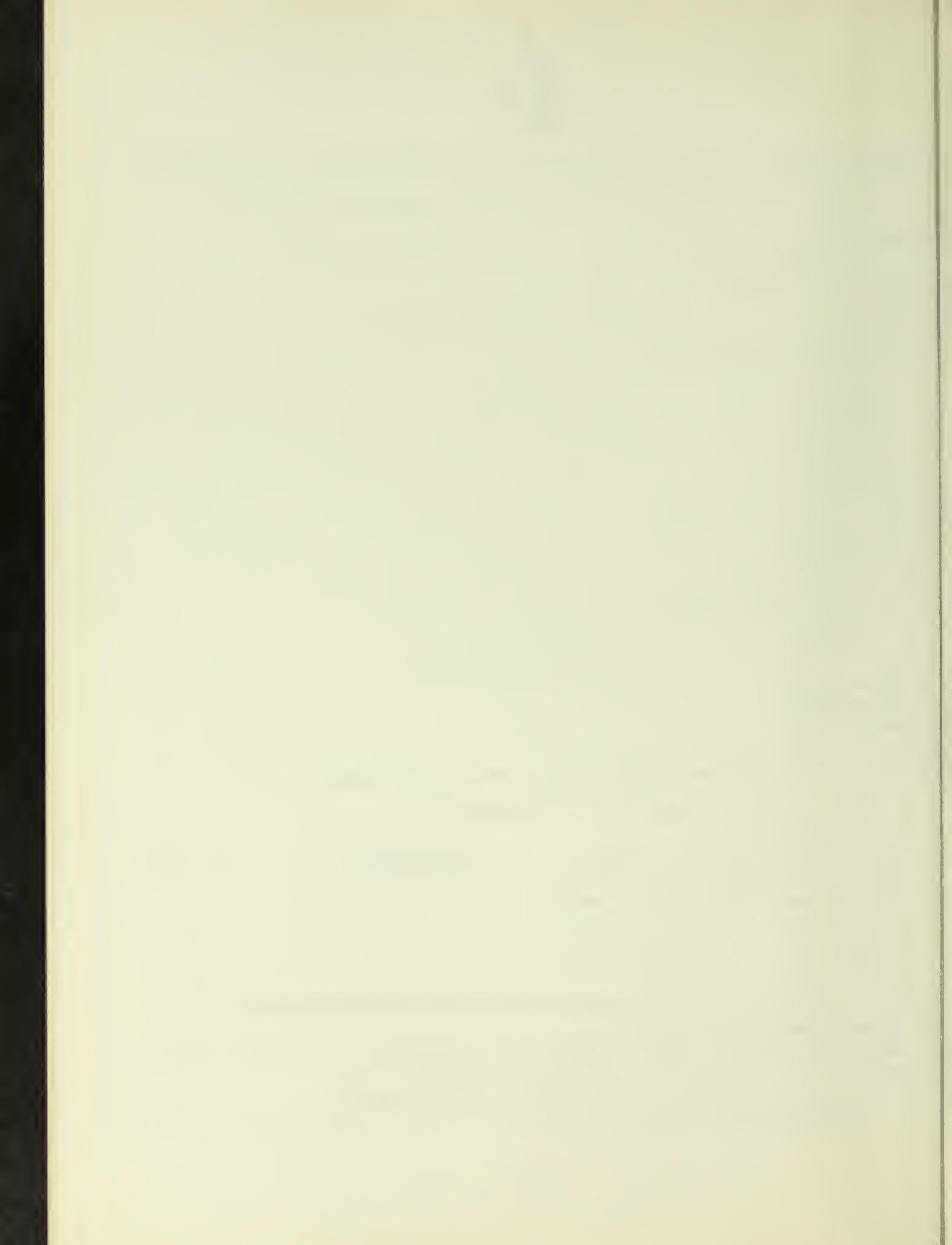
Many of the university's graduates will remember Clifford as the pre-med student who flunked out after thirteen semesters at this school. Undaunted, Lockhart became a chiropractor, and in 1941 staged a one man rally against the American Medical Association. Gained national acclaim when he was jailed for three years for practicing medicine without a license. Responsible for thirty-two broken arms, twelve sprained backs, and sixty-four mangled wrists in the town of Westminister, Conn. He was killed by an assassin's bullet in that same town.





APPLICATION FOR THE POSITION OF UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

1. Name 2. Age (if known)
last first middle
3. Sex 4. Frequency 5. Race
6. Track 7. Horse 8. Odds
9. Citizenship 10. If revoked, state why
11. Marital status (check those applicable)
 - a. Married
 - b. Single
 - c. Separated
 - d. Divorced
 - e. Widow(er)
 - f. Bigamist
 - g. Other
12. If in question 11 you checked section:
 - a. Answer why
 - b. Give number of offspring
 - c. Give name of reason
 - d. Give phone number and address of reason
 - e. Give method of disposal
 - f. Answer how
 - g. Answer what
13. Number of parents Were your parents married?
To each other?
14. Are you a liar?
15. Religious preference (if any)
16. Are you, or have you ever been a member of any one or more of the following groups:
 - a. KKK b. AA c. Powers for Mayor d. WCTU
 - e. USCG f. Watch & Ward g. Boy (Girl) Scouts
 - h. Faubus for Governor.
17. Have you ever been wanted by a. the FBI b. your wife (husband) c. any woman
(man) Badly? Often? Well?
18. Educational record. Check the following degrees held.
 - a. B.A.
 - b. B.S.
 - c. PhD.....
 - d. ILLD
19. If you do not hold any of the above, state whether you would be willing to take a few night courses
20. Are you really so lazy you want this job?.....
21. Do you believe in subjects, in things, about things, on things, around things? Do you believe in
subjects? Do you believe in things?..... Do you?
22. In twenty-five words or less, of not more than one syllable each, finish this sentence:
I want to be president of UMass because



YOUR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SALUTES THE GRADUATES OF THREE FAMOUS INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING

3

...to the graduates of MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



... to you who remember when Memorial Hall was dedicated; when we didn't have any Alumni to put the bite on and we went out of our minds trying to figure ways to raise money; when the old "Aggie" crew raced on the Connecticut River and invariably lost; to you who remember the days when we didn't need Assistant Deans . . . "What would their jobs be?" we'd laughingly ask ourselves; to you who love and cherish the "good old days" of our founding; it's too bad most of you are dead . . .



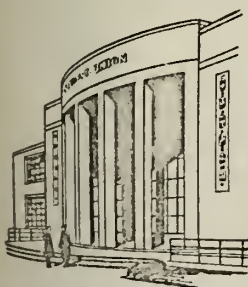
...to the graduates of MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE



... to you who remember when Goodell Library was opened and how we anxiously awaited the arrival of the books that somehow never came; when IBM was a word you didn't use in polite company; to you who pioneered the honor system that somehow always failed; when electrical engineers were people who drove trolley cars; and to you who have been here for ten years and still haven't graduated . . .



...to the graduates of the UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

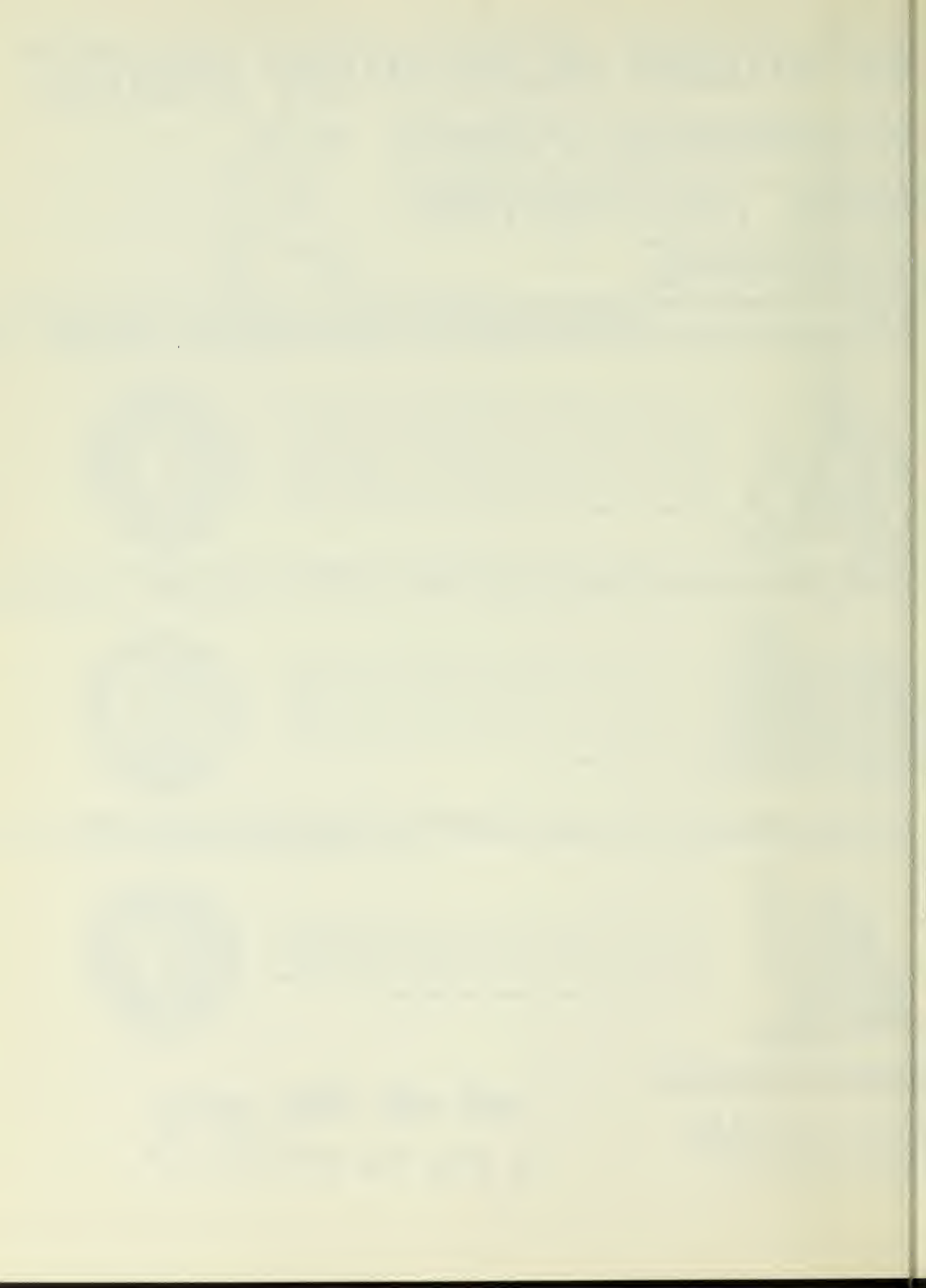


... to you who remember when Mr. Scott opened one of his chain here on campus; when Billy Burkhardt finally got a job and how happy we were for him; to you who remember when the Master Plan sounded like a chapter out of "Mein Kampf"; and finally to you, who remember when we used this same schmaltzy appeal last year . . .

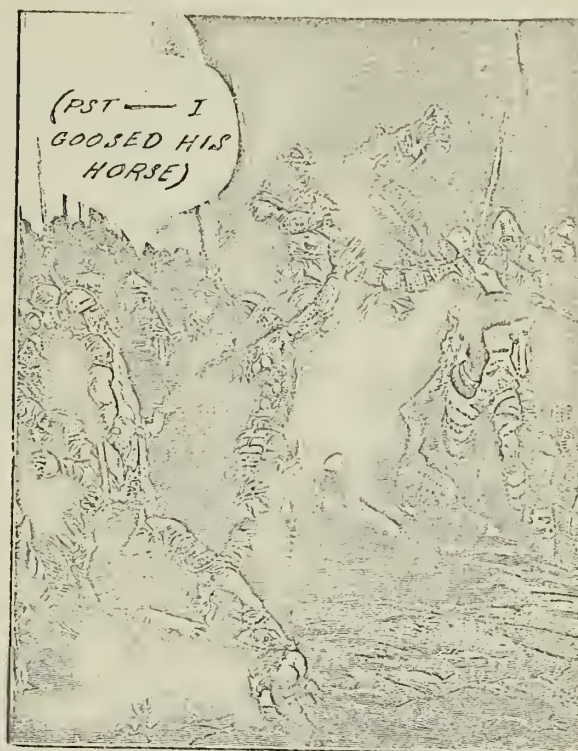
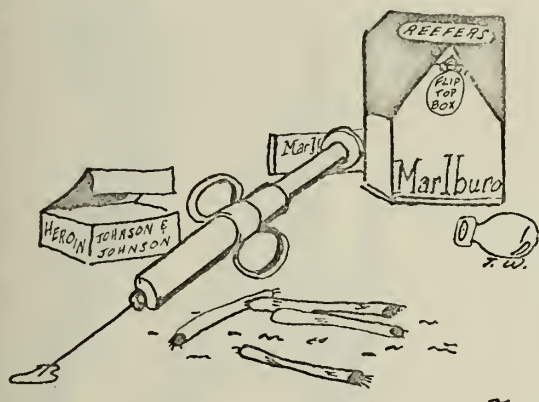


*who the hell's going
to pay for all this...?*

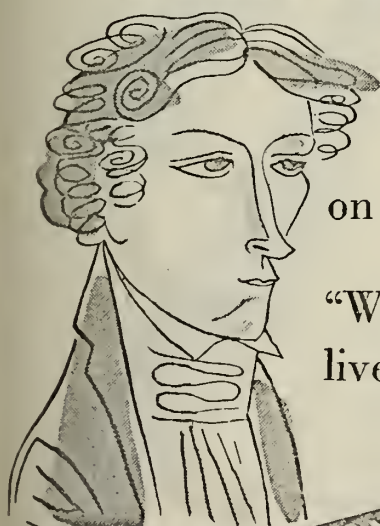
... to each one your Alumni Association says thank you for sharing in proud history. And, to each one your Alumni Association says:



We've Got It At
The Specialty Shop



KEATS



on Life Savers:

"Why not
live sweetly?"

from *The Dove*, line 10

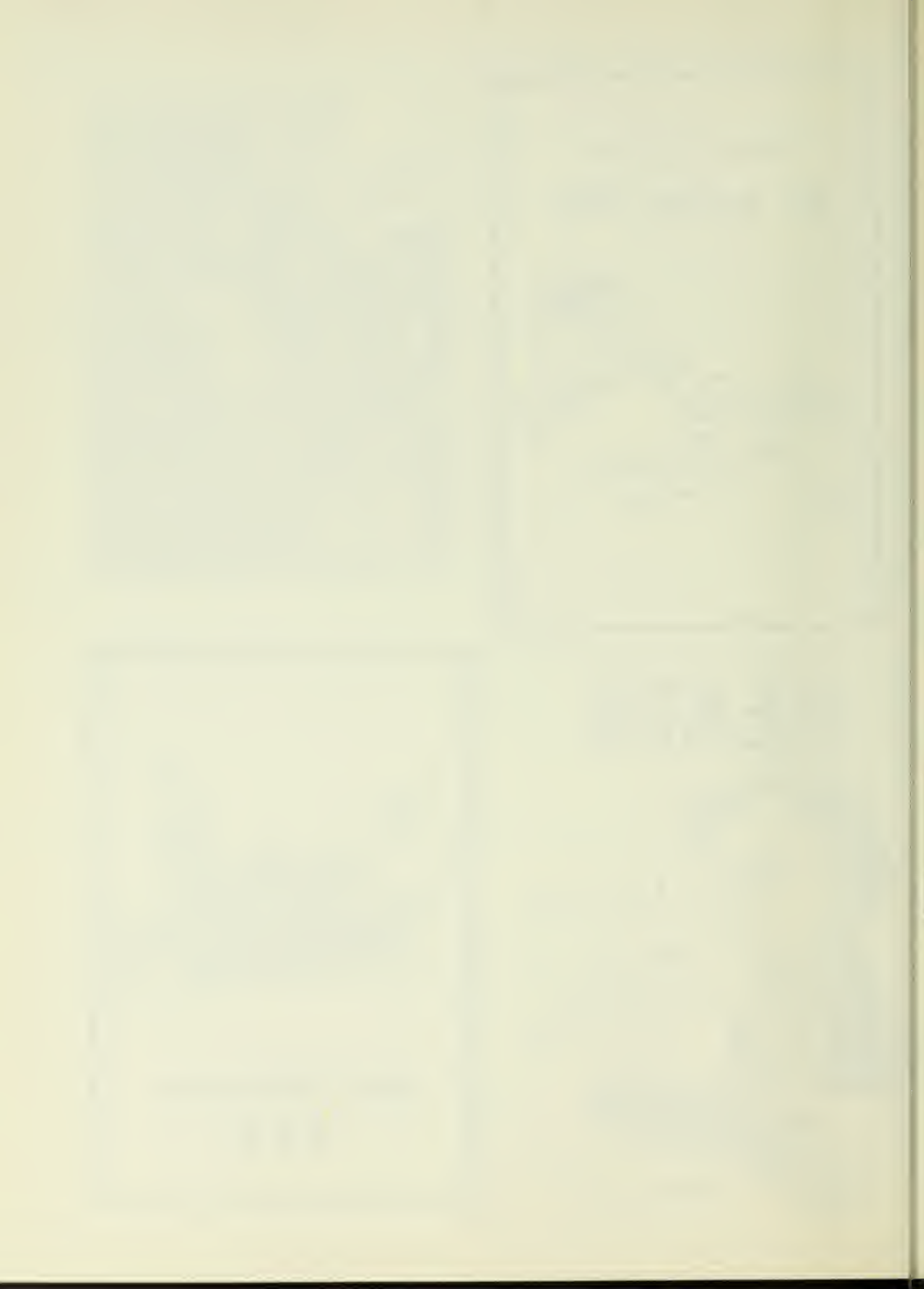


Still only 5¢



Party Headquarters

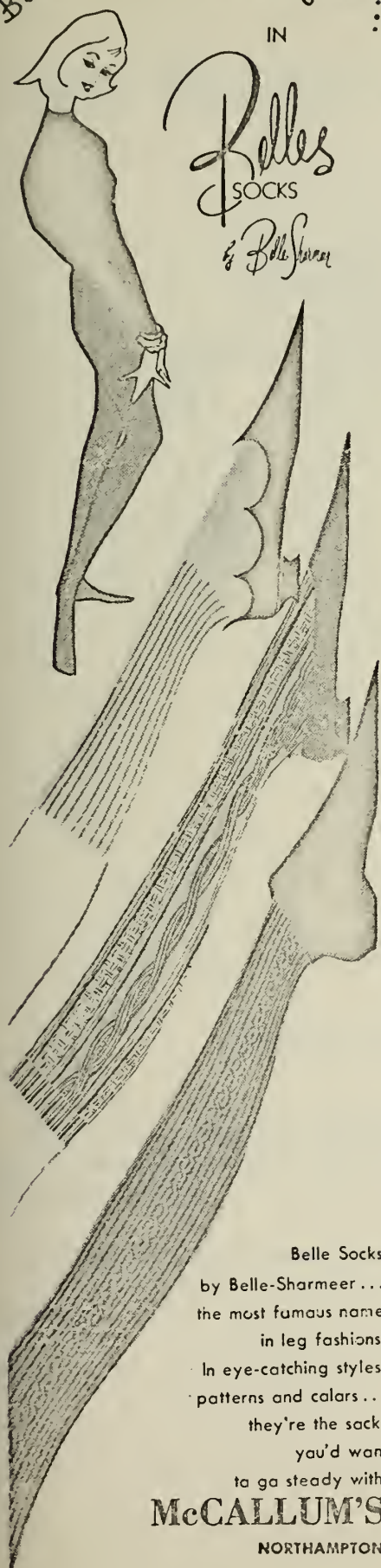
C & C



Belle Belle & the campus...

IN

Belle
SOCKS
& Belle Sharmeer



Belle Socks
by Belle-Sharmeer...
the most famous name
in leg fashions.
In eye-catching styles,
patterns and colors...
they're the socks
you'd want
to go steady with!

McCALLUM'S

NORTHAMPTON

Three progressive, high-powered rabbis were boasting to one another about the advanced views of their respective congregations.

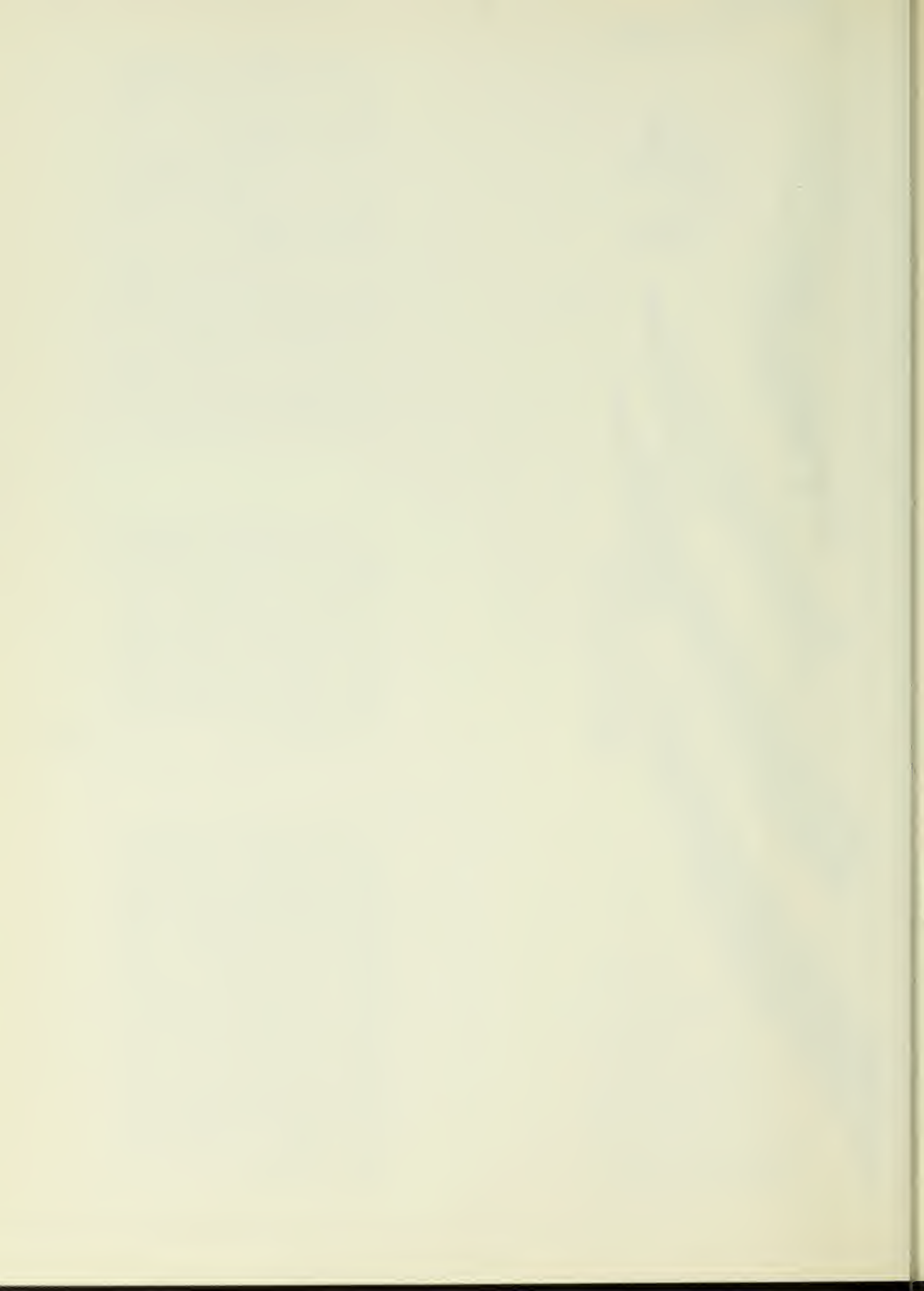
"We're so modern," asserted the first, "we've installed ash trays in every pew so members can smoke while they meditate."

"Pah," minimized the second, "that's nothing. We now have a snack bar in the basement that serves ham sandwiches after services."

"You boys," advised the third, "aren't even in the same class with my congregation. We're so reformed we close for the Jewish holidays!"

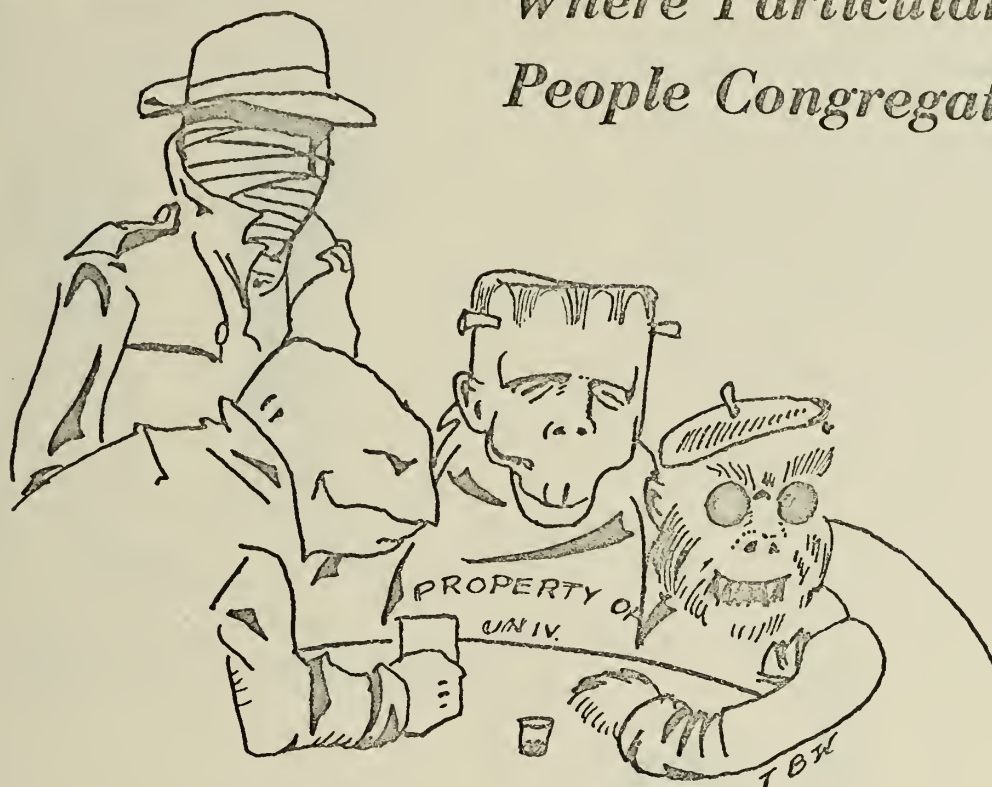
"Doc" Sherman tells about the youthful couple who entered his Madison Avenue drugstore in search of a potent new baby tonic. "Here's one," promised Doc, "that will make your youngster husky, handsome, and happy." "That's just what we want," said the young lady, "but who takes it, my husband or I?"

A doctor in a Milwaukee maternity ward was making his morning rounds. "Nurse," he inquired, "on what day does this little lady expect her bundle from heaven?" "May fourth," was the answer. "And the next lovely patient?" "May fourth." "And this one?" "May fourth also, Doctor." The doctor appeared mildly surprised. "What a coincidence," he mused. "Don't tell me this other charming soul is also expected to be a mother on May fourth." "I wouldn't know, Doctor," admitted the nurse. "She wasn't at the picnic."



THE DRAKE —

*Where Particular
People Congregate*



EVERYONE'S SUBSCRIBING—WHY DON'T YOU?

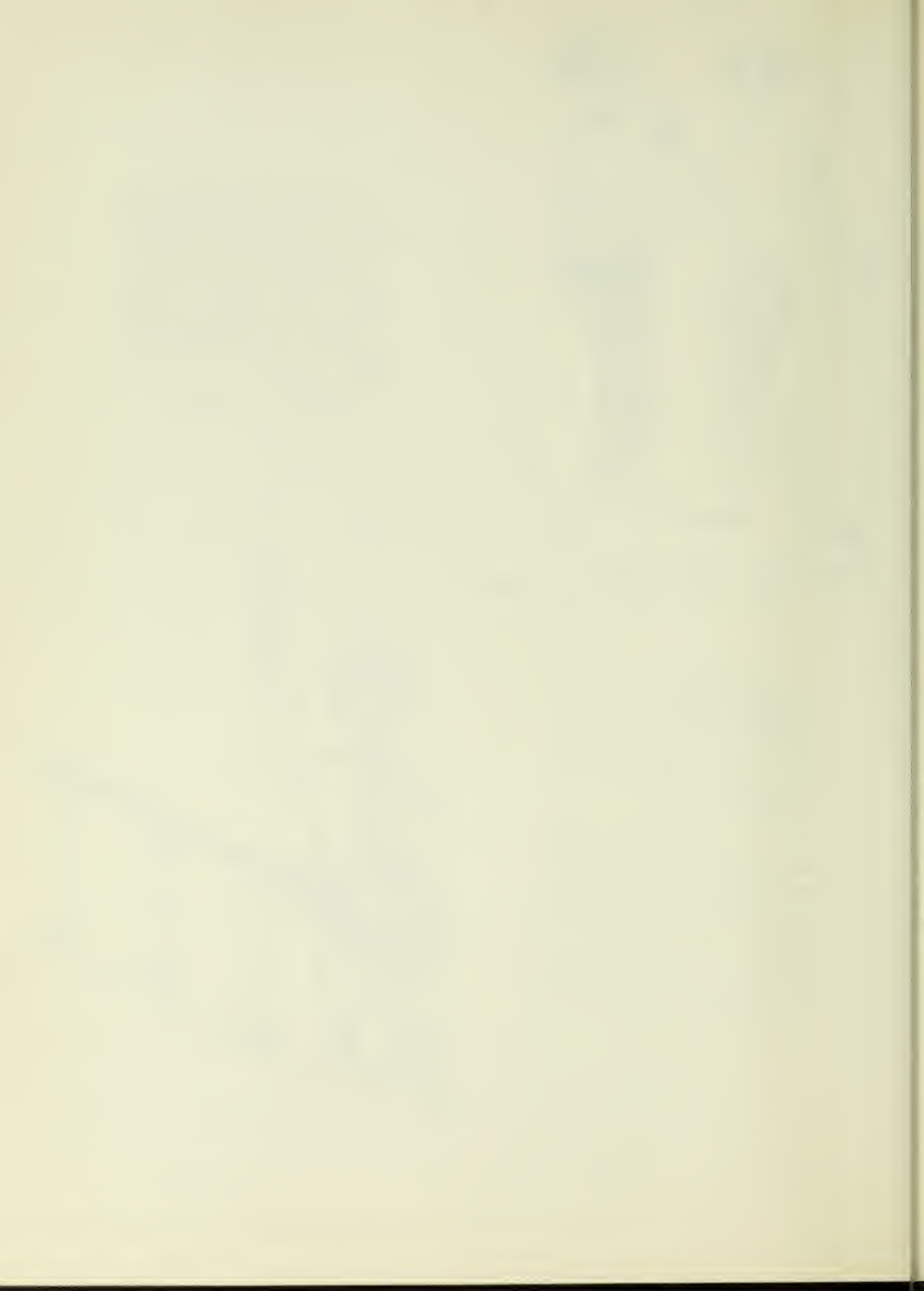
Enclosed you will find 70 cents (\$.70) in check or money order for one year's (three issues) subscription to YA-HOO, the undergraduate humor magazine at the University of Massachusetts.

Please send my three issues to:

Name

Street

City State





Honey, you've been taking
all together too many tranquilizers!!

A performing octopus could play the piano, zither and the piccolo, and his trainer wanted to him to add the bagpipe to his accomplishments. With this in mind, a bagpipe was placed in the octopus' room and the trainer awaited results.

Hours passed, but no bagpipe music was heard. Since the octopus usually learned quickly, the trainer was disturbed. Opening the door the next morning, he asked the octopus, "Have you learned to play that thing yet?"

"Play it?" retorted the octopus, "I've been trying to make love to it!"

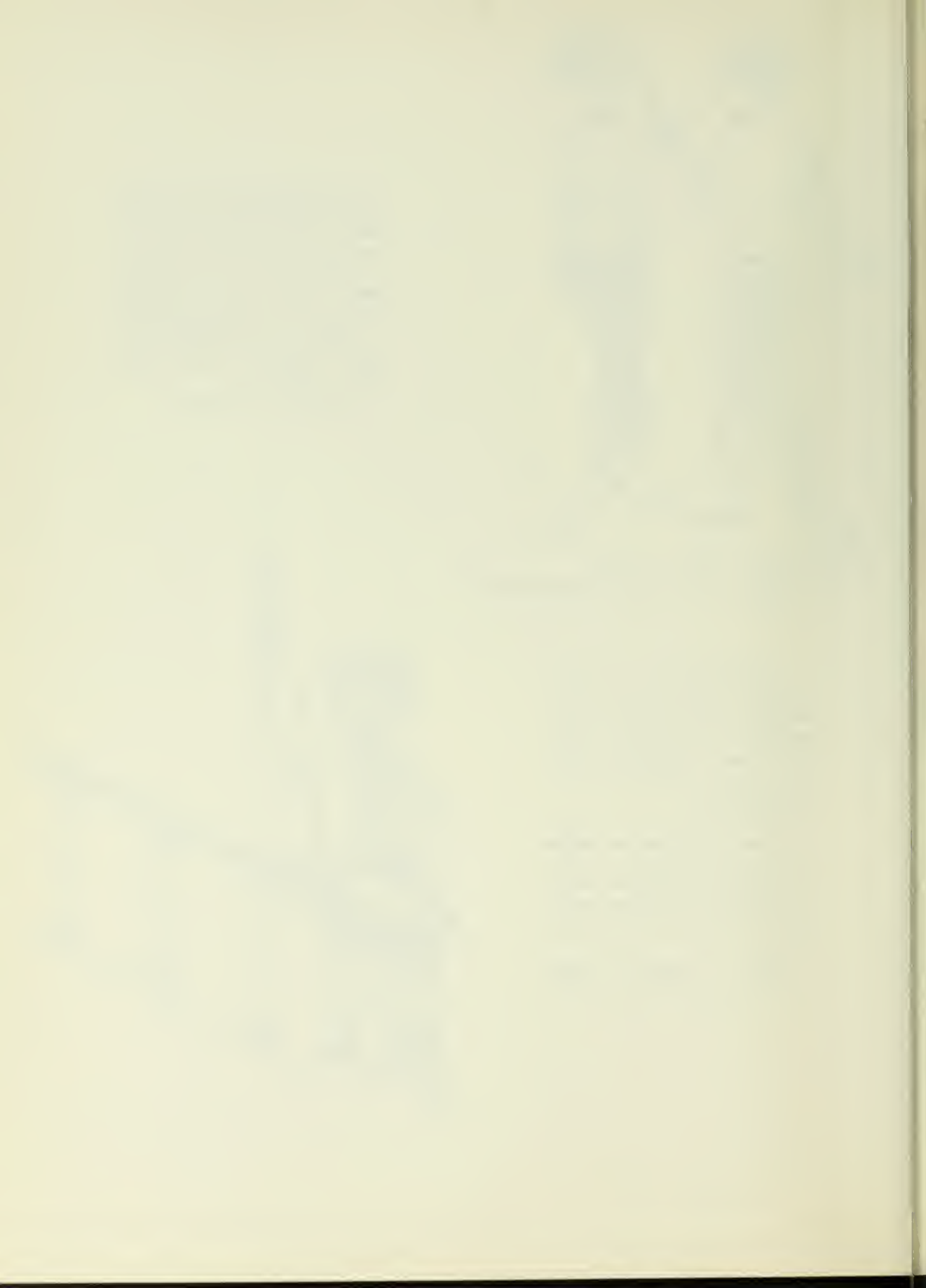
The couple stepped up to the desk of one of the city's nicer hotels. "I'd like a room and bath for my wife and myself," said the gentleman.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but the only room available doesn't have any bathroom facilities."

"Will that be all right with you, dear?" the gentleman asked the young lady at his side.

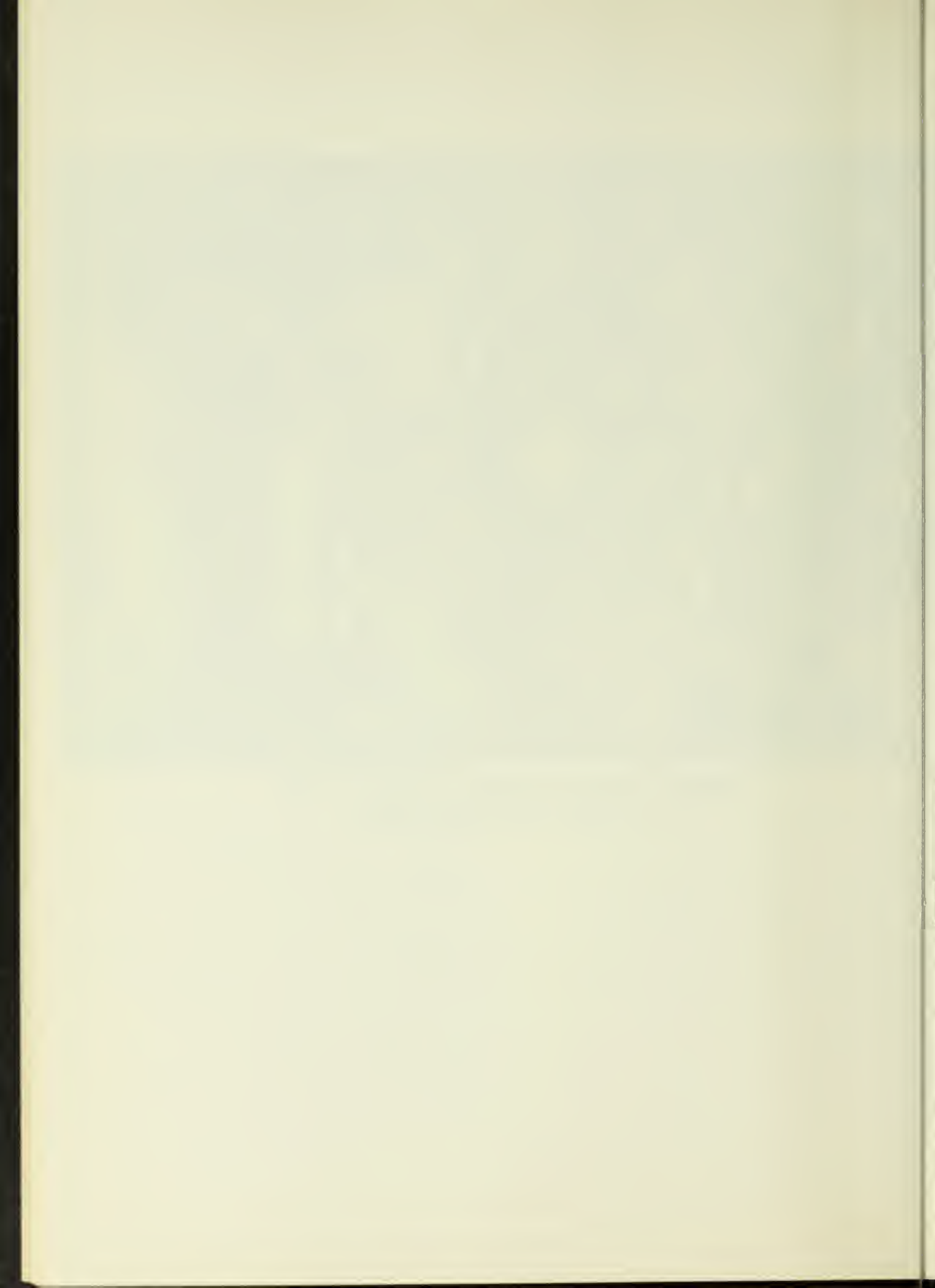
"Sure, mister," she replied.







"Governor, disa my boy Mario. He lika to work
for da State next summer. O.K.?"



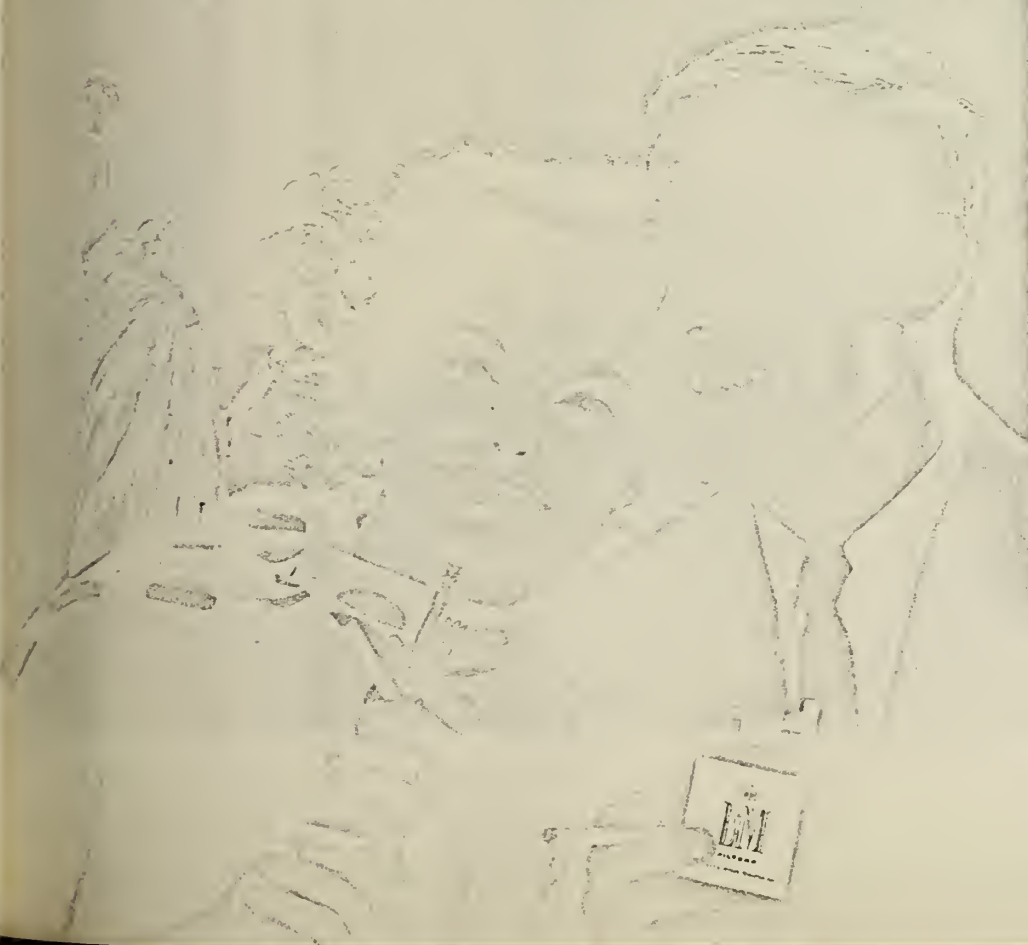
Said you'd end. International. In 1975

THEY SAID IT WOULD TAKE TIME



A cigarette that's Low in tar
with More taste to it!

THEY SAID IT WOULD TAKE TIME



.. But America's most famous lady does it!

No Paris design of '59 is more lovely than this ageless beauty, a gift from France 75 years ago. Miss Liberty has welcomed millions to these shores with the words, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . . I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



.. But L&M does it!

When you're in New York, be sure to see Miss Liberty. And right now, enjoy an **LM** — Low in tar, with More taste to it. That free-drawing, pure white Miracle Tip is so advanced, **LM** can use the light, mild premium quality tobaccos you need for full, rich tobacco taste. That's why **LM** is Kindest to your taste!

Live Modern with **L&M**
KINDEST
TO YOUR TASTE!

© 1959 LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO



